Photo *Lallie Charles.*

Miss "Pat" Greene-Dickson, who has married Lieutenant C. Ronald McIver, R.E., is only one of many charming war-brides, whose portraits illustrate a delightful article on page 99, entitled "War and Wedding Belles."

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Photo *Lallie Charles.*

Lady Frederick Conyngham, *née* Miss Bessie Tobin, was married by special license, her husband, a brother of the Marquis of Conyngham, leaving immediately after the ceremony to join his regiment, the Inniskilling Fusiliers, under orders for the front.

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WAR *and* WEDDING BELLES

By Madame Lallie Charles.

A unique feature of the present war has been the large number of military weddings immediately before the bridegrooms' departure for the Front. We have been fortunate in persuading Madame Lallie Charles, who has photographed all the most beautiful women of to-day, to contribute this article on war weddings, illustrated from some of her happiest portrait studies.
EL. R. M.

Photo Lallie Charles.

A charming young bride, Miss Dinah Tennant, who was recently married to Sir Ian Colquhoun, Bart., of the Scots Guards.

This war has certainly invaded the studio. The telephone rings all day long, and girlish voices inquire eagerly: "When can I have a sitting, please? It is most urgent. My *fiancé* is leaving for the Front next week, and we are to be married very quietly . . . ." And so the story goes on.

It is all very romantic and a little sad. There seems to me an air of pathetic eagerness about these young people—a sort of unexpressed desire to crowd all the sentiment and charm of a long engagement into the few days that remain before marriage. The bride-to-be is so delightfully proud of her soldier husband-elect, and he is so enthusiastic about her. Really, war is very cruel in many places besides the battle area.

I like to try to typify all the simplicity, the silent undercurrents of emotion that flow beneath the surface, in my portraits of these young war brides. If one thinks at all, the whole thing is a wonderful inspiration. I know that at least one photograph will go out to Flanders with the gallant young husband, and be with him through all the horrors of battle and the hideousness of the trenches. I feel I want my sitters to look their best, so that the one face in all the world may cheer up the war-worn warrior when he finds a momentary opportunity to steal a furtive glance at its dainty features.

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Miss Ruby Clark is the bride of Mr. Clive Nathan Baillieu, and the daughter of Mr. William Clark, the well-known racehorse owner and trainer.

The war, which has changed the appearance of Europe, has changed also the style of our photographs, for nowadays people are coming in all day long for miniatures and small pictures that will go into a pocket-book or a small leather pocket-case, for a soldier to carry about with him in place of the usual large portrait. It is not only war brides who ask for these. Mothers and sisters come, too, just as sad and just as brave, and hiding their feelings as carefully.

That to me is the most striking feature of this terrible conflict—the wonderful spirit of the women and girls whose loved ones are at the Front, and who may never see them again. I have never heard a murmur of complaint from the many sitters who have been photographed in my studio since the war began, or seen a single tear, though the majority had come for the sake of giving a recent photograph to someone in the fighting line. There is a settled determination to be cheerful, and to give the men ungrudgingly to the service of their country.

It goes without saying that I have seen the sad side of war—if, indeed, war can be said to have any but a sad side for women. There are, alas, so many of those cherished miniatures which go out to the war next to a brave man's heart, and never return.

I could give many pathetic instances where this has occurred, but perhaps the saddest of them all was the case of one particularly lovely girl. Her *fiancé* had been one of the first to go out to the Front, and after the retreat from Mons, realising that one lived practically from hour to hour in modern warfare, his longing to be married as soon as possible became intensified. After the battle of the Marne had relieved the pressure on the Allies, he managed to obtain three days' leave.

He rushed home and was married by license. On the day after the wedding he returned to the trenches, only to be killed on the following day.

Photo Lallie Charles.

Married to Lieutenant John Eric Rollo, of the Black Watch, Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapleton adds another to the long list of war brides.

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Lady Eileen Elliot, daughter of the late Earl of Minto, is another soldier's bride, her husband being Lord Francis Scott, son of the late Duke of Buccleuch.

Nevertheless, even war has its lighter side, and I am frequently amused by the eagerness of the newly-fledged *fiancées* to have their photographs in their hands, in order to bestow a copy on the lucky soldier or sailor. Sometimes I almost wish I could work with one of those American cameras which, by some mysterious means, produce the picture immediately after the shutter has closed, or something wonderful like that.

However, an exceedingly neat excuse was forthcoming from an excited girl the other day, who had just become engaged to the dashing commander of a destroyer.

This fair sitter wanted her proofs in the terribly short space of twenty-four hours. I explained that we were exceedingly busy—that everyone must take her turn, and, in short, that her request was impossible.

But my explanations all fell on deaf ears. Almost with tears in her eyes she begged me to let her have proofs. The gallant sailor's leave expired in thirty-six hours apparently, and she feared the dilatory war posts and possible further delays owing to the destroyer being at sea. Finally I capitulated, when she exclaimed:

"I know at other times I have had to wait a fortnight for proofs, but that

Photo *Lafayette Chesham.*

The Hon. Edith Winn, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Ashley, of the Coldstream Guards, has been announced.

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was different. That was a prosaic occasion—this is a romance!"

So as all the world loves a lover, she got her proofs in twenty-four hours.

Somehow I cannot believe that we shall ever again be as light-hearted as before the war. The difference war has made is impressed on me so very strongly by the entirely different attitude towards life of young girls, of whom I see so many. In the old days—we seem to have been at war for years—they came to me bubbling over with high spirits and excitement, full of this ball, and that race-meeting, chattering about all the joys a London season holds for a *débutante*.

Now there is not one but has a brother, or a father, or a lover, fighting for King and country. War seems, almost at a stroke, to have turned all the young girls into anxious, yet calm-browed and capable women.

If the men are laying down their lives for their country their womenfolk are paying the price, too, in hours of anxiety and a dread lest any moment may bring bad news from the front. This will be a sad summer for many young girls, for war takes its toll remorselessly, and even the bride of a few months is not exempt. It is a wonder to me how brave these young folks are, and how full of patient cheerfulness.

Of course there is this about it—that women who come of military families are born and bred up in the atmosphere of the Service. They know—the mothers and sisters—that one day or another they are almost certain to have to give up husbands, fathers, and brothers to the country. It is part of the price paid by soldiers' womenkind from time immemorial.

These have a stern pride of their own, which helps them to endure patiently. In that they are more fortunate than the sisters and mothers of the new armies, who have not had years in which to accustom themselves to the idea of a glorious death on the field of honour for their nearest and dearest.

On the other hand, the women who have given their men to make Kitchener's millions have another pride—a pride which will not let them fall short of anyone else's traditions, which makes them give as freely as if their relatives had fallen in every battle from the Wars of the Roses until to-day.

I see a great deal of both types, and, frankly, I do not know which to admire most.

Photo *Lallie Charles.*

Miss Frances May Frécheville, who is engaged to Mr. Gustav H. T. Petersen, of the 14th Service Battalion, Hampshire Regiment, is as accomplished as she is beautiful.

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A NEW AND ENTHRALLING SPY SERIES.

The SPY HUNTER

I.—THE GREEN BLACKBIRD.

By William Le Queux.

No man knows more of the Secret Service of the countries now at war than Mr. William Le Queux. He is the personal friend of many of the reigning Sovereigns of Europe, who have bestowed upon him high honours and distinctions. The following story is the first of a thrilling series based upon feats within his own personal knowledge, and which, owing to the strict censorship now necessary, it is only permissible to publish in the guise of fiction. A genial young Marconi operator, Harry Nettlefield, is the medium through whom the story is told.

It was blowing a gale of wind, and the night was a particularly "dirty" one.

We were off Froyen Island, on the Norwegian coast, north of Christiansund, making for Leith on a voyage round from Archangel.

It had been cold and squally all the way round the Finmark coast, especially off the grey, rugged North Cape, where we had laboured heavily in those long, dark, lonely waters of the Arctic Ocean, and now while we hugged the coast on our way down from Hammerfest, that wood-built, ramshackle, fish-smelling town—the most northerly in the world—the weather had not abated in the least.

Usually we were engaged on the South African trade, sailing from Liverpool, but had gone up to Archangel for a special cargo, a trip that I shall not easily forget.

Yet for the wireless operator there is little, if anything, to do in those northern waters, except to take the time-signals, and perhaps pass on a message from some boat or other. Of course, the shore-stations at Stavanger and Ingö are always busy, but they are generally commercial messages, and of no account to the operator at sea.

I suppose I ought here to introduce myself. Well, my name is Harry Nettlefield, aged twenty-six, and my profession is that of Marconi operator, possessing a first-class certificate granted by the Marconi School, and also the Postmaster-General's certificate of the first-class. My father was in the British Consular Service, therefore my youth had been spent mostly in Germany, Holland, and Italy. On leaving school in England, I first went into the motor-car business in

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Leeds, but finding things somewhat dull, I resolved to become a wireless-operator, and go to sea.

This I did, and I confess that I had had a very pleasant experience of two years' constant travel. Further, I had made many kind friends among the passengers, and especially among the fair sex, who are always highly interested in the mysteries of radiotelegraphy.

The ship on which I was at that moment serving was the *Venaola*, of the Blue Circle Line, of Liverpool, and of which—for the benefit of my brother-operators and those acquainted with wireless—I may add that the call-letters were G.E.F., the wave-lengths 600 and 300 metres, and the normal transmitting range 300 nautical miles.

On that particular night—the night of March 7th, 1914—my assistant, Teddy Burke, was off duty. His name you will remember in connection with the disaster off Sardinia, when the liner *Tatatua* in which he was serving took fire. He managed to send out the S.O.S. just in time to call help, and save the five hundred passengers.

Teddy was, of course, a wireless hero, and the pet of all lady-passengers, but, fortunately, it had not spoilt him, as it has spoilt more than one of my friends.

Well, we operators, though we seldom, if ever, see each other in the flesh, often have chats across hundreds of miles of dark, rolling seas separating us. We have a conventional code in which we speak to one another at times when nothing is coming in.

As an instance, each operator—in speaking to another privately, though he has never seen him—addresses him as "O.M." (old man). Thus "G.M.O.M." tapped out on the key, stands for "Good morning, old man!"

The ship was rolling heavily as I sat in my narrow little cabin filled with its switches, meters, instruments, and batteries for the emergency set—in case the electric current should fail—all very weird and complicated to the uninitiated.

With the head-'phones clamped over my ears, I sat with my elbows on the table, absorbed in a detective novel, when suddenly I heard a faint buzz, and adjusting my "multiple tuner" to a larger wave-length, found that Poldhu, far away down in Cornwall, was making its preliminary call, prior to sending out its nightly budget of "Press" so welcome to all those afloat, both in the Navy and in the Mercantile Marine.

Breaking off my book just where the detective had hit upon an amazing and breathless clue—the irritating end of a chapter, of course—I took up my pencil and began to scribble the slow, deep-toned message sent out a thousand miles distant.

It was the usual old story. Somebody had spoken upon nothing in the House of Commons. The Suffragettes had been in collision with the police; a long-drawn-out trial had ended in a verdict for the defendant; the winners at Kempton Park had been given, followed by certain Stock Exchange prices, and brought to a conclusion by those eternal quotations from the German newspapers upon European affairs.

In common with every wireless operator on the high seas, I have always wondered why we have been so constantly compelled to swallow German opinion by wireless. Now, however, we have realised that it was another illustration of the crafty methods of those who run the cultured Fatherland.

At last the message ended. I initialled my copy and gave it over to the second officer who had entered my cabin, eager to know the result of one of the races.

Then, with scarce a second's pause, Norddeich, the big German station at the mouth of the Elbe, commenced its high-pitched note—the note of the German Telefunken system—disseminating its own summary of news in German, of which we English operators take no account.

I had no use for this, intended as it was for the German liners, so by turning the knob of my "multiple-tuner" I narrowed down my receiving wave-length to search for anything else going, in the hope that I might perhaps pick-up a ship and have a gossip, even though it is against the rules.

Of a sudden I heard another faint buzz in the 'phones, and carefully adjusting the tuner, detected very faintly a curious and mysterious message. It consisted of two words only—test words they seemed to me to be—and in German. The words read "*Grün Amsel.*"

"X.S.D. *Grün Amsel*—(pause)—X.S.D. *Grün Amsel*—(pause)—X.S.D. T.Q. (am I through?) *Grün Amsel.* Std Bi (stand by) X.S.D.—*Grün Amsel.* C—C—C (outward foreign). T.Q.—X.S.D."

A dozen, nay, a hundred times I heard that repeated call. It mystified me. "*Grün Amsel*" was German for "Green Blackbird." What could it denote? I listened, at once keenly on the alert.

The note was high-pitched, and apparently not Marconi. They were evidently code

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words, but their source was certainly an obscure one, and, as far as I could judge from some far-distant land, and therefore powerful, station.

For fully ten minutes this station called X.S.D.

I looked in my code-register, but could find no such station. Against X.S.D. was a blank. It was probably an amateur station somewhere—perhaps in Norway.

At last my curiosity got the better of me, and I touched my sending-key and replied in Morse, "X.S.D.—D.F. (You are now through)."

Then I heard the following mysterious message:—

"*Grün Amsel, Rothkehlchen. H.Q.—E.T.W.*"

This I made out to read:—

"Green Blackbird. Redbreast. How are signals?"

But of "E.T.W." I could gain no knowledge. I again turned up my code-book—the big official book issued in Berne by the Bureau International de l'Union Telegraphique Convention Radiotelegraphique—wherein all wireless call-letters are registered, but found that the E's were devoted to Spanish ships, and that the three letters in question had not been allocated to any station, either ship or shore.

As I listened I heard the mysterious call again and again repeated.

Once more I answered, but it was evident that whoever was calling had detected that I was not the unknown station X.S.D.

At five minute intervals, for a full hour, were those mysterious signals repeated, but I could hear no response except that there was some very faint and far-away answer, which I could not hear clearly because, just at that very moment, Bergen Radio—or L.G.N. as we know it—broke in, speaking to the British Post Office station at Caistor-on-Sea, in Norfolk.

I read the message—a commercial one addressed to a firm of shipowners in London concerning a cargo—yet when it had finished, and Caister had acknowledged, I heard the strange message regarding the mysterious green blackbird still repeated. Sometimes the sender "tuned up" quite clearly to a high-pitched note; at others it sounded low and hoarse. Sometimes it sounded like a cock crowing, as Norddeich frequently does; at others it was slow and low, like the Eiffel Tower sending the time at ten o'clock in the morning.

It puzzled me greatly.

The operator in Copenhagen heard it, for he let fly rapidly, tapping out in French:—

"Pray finish, X.S.D.—whoever you are. You are jamming me."

Still it kept on—that irritating message in German—"*Green Blackbird-Redbreast.*"

I gave my own code-letters and told him in plain English to "shut up."

But he kept on, with mechanical repetition—a message which, in that wild, stormy night, with the deck outside the cabin awash, was weird in the extreme.

What could it mean? What hidden significance could those curious words denote? From which shore had they come? We were about 600 miles north of Leith.

I looked at the clock. It was exactly a quarter past midnight. And just at that moment I heard a message, which read:—

"X.S.D.—O.K."

Then instantly those puzzling words in German ceased.

I grew sarcastic, for I tapped out:—

"X.S.D. Please continue. We like it so much!"

But my sarcasm was wasted. All was silence, save for Clifden, the powerful Trans-Atlantic station away on the west coast of Ireland, sending its nightly batch of radios across the Atlantic to Cape Race.

And then, for the remainder of my watch, though the storm increased and we laboured through heavy seas, I followed the fortunes of my detective hero, till Teddy, dishevelled and sleepy-eyed, came in to relieve me, and I turned in.

Next day, as I sat on duty with the 'phones over my ears, I could not rid myself of the remembrance of that mysterious message from nowhere. It was, I believed, a test-message. Not having a Bellini-Tosi direction-finder on board, I had been unable to locate the direction of the sending-station. Such an instrument would detect the direction of the point whence emanated the message at any distance from five up to two hundred and fifty miles.

That night, as we steamed due south, with the storm abating, I sat in the cabin on watch. Poldhu had come in with the usual scrappy bits of information, and then I waited. I put over the tuner backwards and forwards, listening breathlessly. For nearly half-an-hour I detected nothing, until of a sudden—for wireless is always full of atmospheric and other freaks—I heard again that strange, mysterious message, "Green Blackbird."

Again and again was it repeated, sometimes on one wave-length, sometimes on another.

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I heard my friend Finney, the operator, at Lochboisdale, in the Western Highlands, ordering him to "shut up."

But it was useless. That curious, unintelligible message still buzzed out over hundreds of miles of land and ocean without cessation.

What puzzled me most was that, while Denmark had heard him on the previous night, Scotland now heard him on the second night.

Then, quite unexpectedly he ceased, and all was again quiet. The Admiralty station at Cleethorpes, in Lincolnshire, on a longer wave-length, was sending a five-figure code to the British Navy in the North Sea—a message which I did not attempt to take down.

We operators disregard Cleethorpes always, save for his daily weather report. This we take religiously, as well as the weather from the Eiffel Tower, and any "storm-warning" from Norddeich.

The question which arose in my mind was whether the mysterious sender of the cryptic message concerning the green blackbird was on the British shore—or in Germany or Scandinavia.

Certainly the station must be a powerful one, or Lochboisdale would never have heard of it.

I put in all my power and called up my friend Finney—who was at the Marconi School with me—asking him whether he knew the ass who sent such a silly message each night.

His reply was brief, but to the point.

"No. He has been going for a week, and I get jammed here sometimes. I believe he is experimenting somewhere on the East Coast of Scotland, or perhaps down south in Yorkshire. Where are you, O.M.?"

I told him. Then we chatted for a bit, and he went off suddenly, saying that he had a Post Office radio to take.

It became evident that this man who sent out such silly nonsense about a green blackbird with a red breast was somewhere on our own coast.

More than ever I became puzzled. To me it seemed to denote some curious and sinister project. What aroused such thoughts in my mind I cannot tell even to this day. But I sat in that narrow little cabin, the deck outside still awash, and the north-easter howling, plunged in wonder.

I had told Teddy, but he had laughed at me. "Some freak test, I suppose," he had responded. "They are making tests of new instruments at the Marconi works at Chelmsford. You will hear words spoken on the wireless telephone, if you listen long enough. I heard them last month when we were off Bilbao—'*Un—deux—trois*'—like that. It gave me quite a start, I tell you."

This irritated me. He had not taken the situation seriously.

My watch that night was uneventful. Yet next night I heard at the same hour the self-same message. On this occasion both Aberdeen and Cullercoat ordered him to cease, though he took no notice. Those cryptic code-words "Green Blackbird" were still repeated.

"Oh, do dry up, for Heaven's sake, X.S.D.," I heard the naval station at Scarborough tap out.

But all to no avail. Those mysterious words were repeated unceasingly.

On the following night, just at the same hour I listened attentively again. All was then silent. Lots of other messages were coming in, of course, but the mysterious code dispatch was not sent out.

Some ship in the North Sea presently made C.Q.—meaning "all stations," and asked:

"Where is X.S.D. to-night?"

To which I swiftly gave my own code number, and replied:

"Dead, let's hope, O. M."

Then, on opening up conversation, I found that I was talking to the operator on one of the Wilson liners bound from Riga to Hull. He asked me whether I had heard the strange signals, and expressed wonder as to their meaning. He added: "I am now just crossing the Dogger, homeward bound, but I picked him up off Elsinore. Expect he's experimenting, but he's powerful, and must be somewhere on the English coast."

Then he broke off, for I heard somebody calling him.

In due course we reached Leith, discharged, and a few days later sailed for Southampton, being due to leave for the Cape in ten days' time.

While in dock at Leith I had quite forgotten about the mysterious message, except that one morning, while chatting with the operator of the *Sedgewick*—a vessel engaged in the Baltic trade—he inquired if I had been hearing those curious signals, and, on comparing notes, we found that what we had heard was identical.

On the way down to Southampton I was on watch, when about midnight, about twenty miles off Lowestoft, it recurred to me, and I

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wondered if the mysterious X.S.D. might be listening.

Therefore I placed my hand upon the key and called him up.

In a moment I received an acknowledgment. It came in with a bang, which showed that the station, wherever it was, was situated somewhere on the east coast of England. Such a powerful station certainly could not belong to any amateur, and I felt sure that it must be illicit.

At random I tapped out the word "*Rothkehlchen*" (redbreast) in an attempt to draw the mysterious stranger who had ventured into the field of radio-telegraphy.

It did so, for next moment came, in German, those two mysterious words "Green Blackbird"—"Green Blackbird," but so loud that they might have emanated from the P.O. station at Caistor, close by.

In order to throw him off his guard I pretended to think that he was a ship, and gave him Z. P., which, in code, asked what was his present position.

In a moment he had a lie ready, for, also in code, he responded as follows:

"Here is steamship *Atherton*, off Kentish Knock. Hamburg for Havre."

That was all. I used all means to induce the mysterious station to speak further, but his only reply was those same irritating two words in German, "Green Blackbird."

I confess that the affair had now got on my nerves. We put into Southampton at last, and I snatched time, as was my habit, to run up to Esher, where lived Clotilde with her parents—my own Clotilde. Ah! it's a long story—too long to tell you at the moment. Clotilde, with her father and mother—the former English and the latter French—came home with us from Cape Town on a summer voyage a year before, and many moonlit walks on deck had resulted in a perfect understanding between us—an understanding that we really loved each other.

She was sweet, shrewd, and yet serious. But, at the same time, she was smart and *chic*. Her father, George Atherton, was a well-known engineer, who had lived in Paris with his wife for many years, and was financially interested in a number of mining propositions, so all Clotilde's youth had been spent in France, and Mr. Atherton, having secured a comfortable competence by his interest in a certain great copper mine, lived in a pretty, old-fashioned house, with charming gardens, on the outskirts of Esher, on the road leading towards Oxshott Common.

I spent the whole of that day with them, but I fear that I must have been pre-occupied and very restless. Clotilde, with the big black eyes, seemed puzzled. But, surely, not more puzzled than I was myself, for the wireless mystery was, to me, most remarkable, and I was bent upon elucidating it.

Next morning I reported the Green Blackbird affair to my company at Liverpool, and three days later I was suddenly summoned to London, where, at the Admiralty, I had a long interview with a naval officer, one of their wireless experts, to whom I described exactly what had occurred.

"Curiously enough," remarked Commander Larcomb, the clean-shaven, alert man, whom I had known by repute for the past two years as one of the heads of the wireless department of the Navy, "we have received, only this morning, a similar report to yours. At Cleethorpes they seem to hear these strange signals constantly. Indeed, last night we heard them here."

Well, to make a long story short, I, as the first to report the matter, was asked to assist in trying to solve the mystery, and the *Venaola* sailed to the Cape with a substitute in my place as chief operator.

To enter into technicalities would be only to weary the reader, therefore I will briefly describe what actually occurred, and how I became a spy-hunter.

At the Admiralty they agreed with my surmise that the station must be somewhere on the east coast; therefore, three days later, I left Harwich on board the new destroyer, H.M.S. *Lancelot*, which had orders to patrol from Spurn Head to the Naze.

We had a direction-finder and other instruments on board, and kept constant watch day and night throughout the next week for any sign of activity on the part of the stranger.

But there was nothing. It seemed as though the mysterious "X. S. D.," who had sent his cryptic messages across the North Sea to Germany, was well aware of the suspicion he had aroused.

Commander Larcomb and a second Admiralty expert were on board, and hour after hour through the night we listened attentively to the thousand-and-one messages which are so constantly passing over those waters.

In a week we were back in Harwich after a terrible buffeting, for it was still typical North Sea weather, and life on a destroyer is not all roses at any time. The week-end we spent in Harwich, and then to sea we put

once again—and yet for a second week without result.

One night, however, our naval operator was called by the Admiralty at Cleethorpes, who, in code, informed us that the mysterious message had been heard at Niton, away in the Isle of Wight.

Yet we had heard nothing. The call of the Green Blackbird had it seemed been heard just two hours before.

All that night we again listened attentively. I had set up a Marconi emergency-set, as the Admiralty wireless is on a different system to ours, and at that I was listening at about half-past two in the morning, when of a sudden I detected the curious note of the secret station in question. Again that message came over the dark rolling seas—"Green Blackbird—Redbreast."

On the naval 'phones they could hear nothing, as they were not on that wave-length.

I shouted to the operator, and instantly he adjusted his instruments, so that the Commander and his companion heard as plainly as I could.

Quickly the direction-finder was switched on, and showed that the message was being emitted from a station somewhere in Norfolk.

At that moment we were five miles off Winterton Ness, and according to the direction-finder—one of the newest and most remarkable inventions in wireless—the message had been sent out from thirty to thirty-five miles away.

Careful measurements made upon the charts showed that it was situated either in the city of Norwich or somewhere in that vicinity. Therefore, having gained this knowledge, we lay off Winterton Ness all night, listening a dozen times to that mysterious buzzing in the head-'phones and, on each occasion, checking our calculations. Then, at dawn, we ran full speed down to Harwich, and were soon in the train which carried us to Norwich.

On arrival we took up quarters at the ancient Maid's Head Hotel—one of the oldest inns in England—and lost no time in setting to work.

That same afternoon there arrived from Chelmsford a portable wireless-set used for military purposes in the field, and contained in a big grey motor-car. This, by arrangement over the telephone, was sent to a spot near the village of Heathersett, on the road to Wymondham, there to await us, as the appearance of such a car in the city of Norwich might arouse suspicion.

That afternoon we waited impatiently in the hotel, for we knew that "X.S.D."—whoever he might be—would not begin work till dark, as in the daytime his message would not reach across to Germany—as wireless messages carry double, and sometimes treble, the distance after the disappearance of the sunlight from the earth's surface.

We had dinner together at the hotel, and afterwards—darkness having fallen—went forth in a car to the rendezvous.

The car containing the military portable-station had been drawn up in a grass-field, and an aerial, of the umbrella type, had been set up. It consisted of a long bamboo pole, in three sections, stuck in the ground, while from the top, eight wire guys, insulated from the ground, served to keep the pole, in an upright position, and at the same time received the wireless rays.

Before long we were seated in the back of the car containing the apparatus, and with the head-'phones on, we listened.

There was no sound.

That the secret station was in the near vicinity we felt confident, yet, though we waited till dawn, we heard nothing. So we returned to the hotel, and the wireless-car moved off, having made a rendezvous on the Aylesham road for the following night.

But though we watched through that night, and the next, we heard nothing. At first we feared that a defect might exist somewhere in our instruments, but that was disproved when we tested them upon other messages.

For those two mystic words *Grün Amsel* we still waited in vain.

On the fourth night we had established our station on the hill near Little Melton, on the Watton road, about four miles from Norwich, not far from our first position, when, at twenty minutes past midnight, we heard the familiar note, very loud and distinct, buzzing out: "Green Blackbird"—"Green Blackbird."

"There he is!" I cried excitedly, for at that moment I was the only one wearing the head-'phones. Instantly the others put the receivers over their ears, the direction-finder was brought into play, and within a few moments we had discovered that the mysterious station was situated some five miles south, which, from our map, seemed to lie somewhere between the town of Wymondham and the village of Wreningham.

Next day we scoured that neighbourhood, but found it to be simply open country, mostly undulating grasslands. Our eyes were eager to discover any aerial wires

The man at the table tore off his head-phones and, snatching up a short length of heavy wire cable lying near, made a dash towards me . . . . while the other—an undersized, grey-haired man—slipped towards the door. [Page 110 col. 2.]

affixed to poles, or chimneys, or trees—but we found none. All day long we tramped over the highways and byways, and across fields, yet all to no purpose.

Towards evening, on the road not far from High Common, we came across a newly-built red-brick building, with a tall factory chimney. In bold white letters along its front stood out the words "Cliveden Steam Laundry." It was lit by electricity, and a number of people were at work within.

"I wonder whether an aerial wire can be suspended inside that chimney?" I remarked to Commander Larcomb. Indeed, by some intuition—why, I cannot tell—I felt impressed by the belief that we were near the station which had sent forth those mysterious words across Norfolk, and away over the North Sea.

At first my companion was inclined to ridicule my suspicion, but presently he seemed half inclined to share it.

That night we again set up our portable station in a field about two miles away, and while the Commander and his assistant remained to listen, I went forward about ten o'clock to hide in the vicinity of the laundry to watch.

As far as we could discover by means of the direction-finder, there was no other place in the vicinity so suspicious as this factory-chimney.

For nearly two hours I stood concealed in a high hedge, but in full view of the one entrance to the factory building. The machinery had stopped; all was in darkness. The place was deserted, there not being another house within quite a mile.

I grew cold and tired. I dared not strike a light to get a smoke, fearing lest my presence be discovered.

At last my eyes, wearied with watching, caught sight of a slight flash in one of the upper windows of the factory—a window which had been whitewashed over. Then a faint light showed there.

Somebody was inside, and had been all the time! I held my breath and watched.

A low hum reached my ears—the whirr of a dynamo!

I watched and listened for nearly ten minutes longer. Then, suddenly, upon my ears there broke the loud crackling of a wireless spark. From where I stood in the shadows I could hear by the "longs" and "shorts" that the words "Green Blackbird" were being tapped out.

Why were those mysterious words being sent to Germany? Why did the secret wireless station, in the humble guise of a steam laundry, keep up an almost nightly communication with some correspondent evidently on the German shore—perhaps on one of the Frisian Islands?

My friends at the portable station were, no doubt, receiving the message.

What should I do?

Well, I just acted as you, no doubt, would have acted in the circumstances. I walked out, crossed the strip of grass which separated me from the by-road which led to the entrance of the factory and, on turning the handle of the door, of course found it latched.

Twice I hurled myself against that door, and on the third occasion it gave way, and I found myself inside the place.

It was pretty large, and, in the darkness, I at once lost my way.

The mysterious operator, whoever he was, had evidently not heard the noise I had made, for the loud crashing of his "spark" drowned everything.

I halted for a few moments, listening.

The words in German were still being repeated, and their noise gave me an indication of where the room was situated.

I made my way among all sorts of laundry appliances, until I came to a flight of stairs. Then, ascending and passing along a paved passage, I saw a door, and opening it, found a middle-aged, fair-bearded man, with a narrow brow, and a pair of round, blue eyes, seated amid an array of the latest wireless instruments, the 'phones over his ears, scribbling down messages.

In a second I saw that it was a powerful station—five kilowatt perhaps—while the instruments were of the very latest Marconi pattern.

"Well?" I asked, as I boldly entered the room. "You've been sending out the 'Green Blackbird' again—eh? Once too often this time, mister!"

But ere the words had left my lips I heard a light footstep behind me, and then realised that there were two of them—both Germans, without a doubt.

With an expression of rage, the man at the table tore off his head-'phones and, snatching up a short length of heavy wire cable lying near, made a dash towards me, uttering some terrible imprecations in German, while the other—an undersized, grey-haired man—slipped towards the door, apparently to prevent me from escaping!

In an instant I realised how foolish I had been. I was entrapped!

I closed with the younger man, but in a few moments, by using what was evidently a ju-jitsu grip, he hurled me to the floor, his wiry fingers upon my throat.

I fought for life with all the strength I possessed, but suddenly, ere I was aware of it, I was dealt from behind a crushing blow upon the skull by the second man, who had picked up the stiff piece of cable from the floor where it had fallen.

Then I knew no more.

* * * * *

When I re-opened my eyes it was already dawn.

I was still in that room with its array of instruments, but beside me, as I lay upon an old couch in the corner, stood an elderly doctor with the two Admiralty experts. To the doctor I was very soon able to give a satisfactory account of myself. My head was enveloped in bandages, and I suppose I must have cut a pretty nice figure, yet within half-an-hour I was sufficiently well to make a thorough examination of those instruments.

They had, of course, already been examined by Commander Larcomb and his assistant, both of whom were surprised to discover that in transmission they could easily call up Nauen, the big German station near Potsdam, and, indeed, they had, only an hour before, established the fact that "Green Blackbird" was a pre-arranged call for that station, for Nauen had responded, and, as the Commander knew German well, they had held quite a friendly conversation until Nauen—apparently becoming suspicious—suddenly broke off.

Subsequent inquiries showed that the Cliveden Steam Laundry had been built and opened about four years before, but its owner had sold it about a year previously, and at considerable profit, to two Germans, who went by the name of Wentzel and Völkers, and continued to carry on the business.

This was, of course, only a blind, for neither men knew anything whatever about laundries, both being wireless experts, though, of course, nobody in the neighbourhood suspected the truth. That perfectly-equipped station had been established in secret in preparation for "The Day"—the day when Germany intended to make a raid upon the Norfolk coast, and, in such circumstances, its possession by the enemy would certainly have given him a very great advantage.

The word "*Rothkehlchen*" was the test word sent at intervals in order to let the German Government stations at Norddeich and Nauen know that all was in working order, in case of necessity.

The Defence of the Realm Act not being then in force, these men had, however, really committed no crime other than infringing the law by not applying to the Postmaster-General for a licence for the use of wireless, and though they were a pair of most dangerous spies they were, unfortunately, allowed, after being fined £25 each, to disappear into the whirlpool of London life.

Nevertheless, the discovery of the real business carried on at night in that out-of-the-world laundry aroused the Admiralty and Post Office to considerable activity. The raid upon the spies was one of the first of quite a number—some of which I will describe. Clothilde helped me in several, and her knowledge of French and German proved invaluable. All our investigations showed that our enemies, the Germans, had long been preparing for the attack, and, as I hope later to reveal, were spending considerable sums in elaborate preparations in various quarters.

(Another story in this remarkable series will appear next month, when a further mystery will be unravelled.)

: THE LAST CHANCE :

If you want to win a money prize, turn to page 159, and enter for our great Picture Puzzle Competition.

Smith, Schmidt, and the War.

If anyone has a right to speak with authority on the subject of Germany and the Germans, that man is Mr. Austin Harrison, Editor of the *English Review*. Partly educated in Germany, he was afterwards *Times* correspondent in Berlin, and then *Morning Post* correspondent in Vienna. He returned thence to Berlin, and remained there five years in charge of Reuter's Agency.

Mr. Harrison's articles on the German question are innumerable, and he was one of the few accurate prophets concerning war with Germany. In the ensuing pages he contrasts the attitude of the average German and the average Briton towards the war.

By
Austin Harrison.

Daily Mirror.

One morning a young Englishman called upon me in Berlin where I was then living, asking me to introduce him to the average German for purposes of study and investigation.

I said there was no such thing as an average man, but my friend from home knew better.

"It's Schmidt I want," he said. "You know, our Smith. Now, what is the counterpart of Robinson in Germany?"

"The Kulturmensch (Kultur-man)," I said. "The Germans reckon they are all saved."

"And how?"

"Through Bismarck," I returned.

"And for what purpose?"

"The purpose of German conquest, dominion, world-power."

But my friend was sceptical. He referred to Carlyle's enthusiasm for Frederick. He quoted Goethe. He painted pictures of German homeliness, quoting people like Ranke and Mommsen with pious memory. He grew so rhapsodical that at last I begged him to accompany me, and together we went out to see my friend, a genuine Schmidt.

A Typical German.

Herr Dr. Karl Schmidt was an assessor or barrister, a young German who had taken his degree at Berlin, and just completed his one year's service—a jovial fellow who had seriously injured his stomach as a student by feats of beer-drinking; indeed, it was a noble sight to see this clever lawyer swilling down a pint of Munich Hofbräu beer at one gulp, the liquid pouring down his throat as through a tube, and when the pot was emptied he would clank the top for another. Luckily he was at home, strumming idly on the piano.

'Herr Dr.," I exclaimed after I had presented my friend, "we want to hear about the average German. Is there such a person?"

The assessor rose gallantly to the occasion.

"An English question," he rejoined. "I will answer it like a German. In England you have your Browns and Robinsons, whose pride it is not to think. Their breakfasts are always the same, their chops for lunch are always tempered with cabbage, their pipes always want cleaning, their wives always have babies. They go to church to worship snobbery, they marry to settle down, they settle down to watch football, they play football to shut out the movements of European thought.

An Insular Outlook.

"They imagine Wellington won the battle of Waterloo—the Belle Alliance, as we call it, their national instrument is the banjo, they are truly wonderful because they think they have won to the pinnacle of civilisation, and they are shut in by the sea. They despise war because they hold it to be a foreigner's game, and when they have to fight they get other people to do the work for them.

"But our Schmidt is different. To begin with, he is not brought up on a bottle like the English. From the cradle he is taught the lesson of discipline, reverence for authority, unselfish devotion to the state. His grandfather was a soldier, his father is a soldier. His elder brother has just obtained a lieutenancy, his sister is engaged to a captain. All the friends of his family are soldiers, think as soldiers, act like soldiers. Look where he will, he sees action as the duty of citizenship, implicit obedience to the Kaiser ideal. At school he has to work, at the University he learns to be a man—he fights duels, he tastes of wine, women, and song. When he emerges into the world the young German is a fully-fledged soldier, a number in a regiment. In this sense all Germans are moulded on one form. To serve is their motto. Their patriotism is a religion; they feel themselves the masters of the future civilisation."

A Servant of the National Destiny.

"But what about Schmidt's own personality?" my friend interposed. "Is——"

"Schmidt has no entity apart from the State. The whole fabric of the German State is built up on the idea of collectivist service, in the interest of the whole. Fond as the German is of theory, his energies and forces are not dissipated, as the Englishman's are. His education is a State affair. His attitude is given to him at birth as the birthright of the Kaiser. He cannot get away from it. He is part of the German machine, a servant of the national destiny. We Germans fear God alone."

"Surely Socialism——"

"Again a theory. The German has an active mind. He loves to reflect, to follow up ideas. But all that is incidental, as it were. His philosophers have revealed to him the deep things of life. His scientists have shown him how to apply them. He acquiesces in what they have told him, because at last he has come to grips with his own history, he has caught up with the spirit of his native genius. He cannot go back. To such a man the national destiny is not a sport, it is a truth."

"But Schmidt does not talk like that, you know. He is an amiable man, after all. He does not drink pints of beer for his Imperial destiny, does he?" put in my friend from England.

"Ah, you English don't understand. The German is a lusty drinker; it is his tradition. He follows in Luther's steps, that is all. What you don't see is that to the average German the Fatherland is a sacred trust. He sees the Rhine in alien hands; he resents it. He realises he has reached maturity too late, he has to make good. History has been unkind to him; he is determined to redeem and reclaim."

"Reclaim what?"

The Lust for Sea Power.

"What? Ah, how little you English are able to appreciate our German spirit. His Deutschtum, or Germanic leadership, that is what we yearn for—Holland, Flemish Belgium, the mouth of the Rhine, sea power, the natural boundaries of race and culture that belong to us by right. That is what we want. And we want it because we alone are the torch-bearers of the higher civilisation, because we have fitted ourselves to become the fittest.

"Don't mistake me. Every dog has his day. This century is the German century. It is not fair that England should remain indefinitely ruler of the seas. A people who only appreciate games cannot hope to hold down a nation like the Germans, who sway the thought of the world. The German only seeks the equal distribution of power. He says to himself, 'I am the leader of the Modern Age. It is for me to control.' He

sees life, therefore, as a warrior, even as the old English did. The times have changed, that is all. There will be a great fight, some day, out of which the Germans will emerge all victorious, and under the German flag Europe will attain to a nobler spirit."

"But who wants this millennium?" I interjected. "I don't. You don't really, I am sure, Herr Dr. . . ."

"Yes, that is the point. The English have lost their sense of national destiny. In war the British workmen would strike, thinking of themselves rather than England. Your societies would agitate about peace. There would be meetings, appeals to the Hague, all sorts of sloppy, sentimental flummery. Every man for himself. That is the English individualism.

War as a Purifying Agency.

"With us it is not so. The Germans will fight on the Day as one man, conquer or go down. It is our lot. We have thought it all out. To us the horrors of war convey an ennobling idea. We know that war is a purifying agency. To the German, virility implies action. We do not fear great losses. Throughout history we have had to fight. We shall fight again. But this time all Germany will fight, the whole male population, and if we lose, the German race will go down with God's help in glory."

My friend grew restless. He complained that this was a speech, that these ideas were not representative. He knew several Germans in England, charming, pacificist professors who never thought of war. He protested that Dr. Schmidt was not an average German, but an agitator. He tried to squash Dr. Schmidt with Heine, a more or less kindly German poet.

Living on Traditions.

"Old Germany," remarked the assessor, "all that is past. Goethe was an individualist. We have done with that. Look at our officers, our soldiers, our music, our erudition, our science, our organisation, our system, our Kultur. Do you think that can be kept from self-assertion? Impossible. I tell you quite frankly the German civilisation is so far superior to that of any other, that it must dominate all others in Europe, and eventually that of America. You don't see it because you are degenerate. The English no longer have the will to live. They exist on bygone traditions."

My English friend could stand no more We escaped.

"What a bloodthirsty lawyer!" he exclaimed in the street. "And what an ass!"

The other day I ran across him in the club and again we fraternised.

"What is our average German thinking now?" he said.

"That he is going to win, sure," I answered, and then we ordered drinks.

"But he is starving; his ammunition is failing; they cannot go on losing men by the million; there must soon come a time when the whole German machine will collapse."

No Shirkers in Germany.

"Possibly. All the same, there are no strikes in Germany," I replied. "There are no shirkers in the workshop, no complaints about week-end labour, overtime, and doing as little as possible in the hour. The Commanding Generals don't have to write letters to the Socialists asking them not to hold up munitions of war, though Germany is the country of Socialists, who polled over 4,000,000 votes at the last elections. Rather an average, that, don't you think?"

My friend nodded assent. "Poor slaves,' he jerked out.

"The Emperor," I went on, "has not had to advertise for a business man yet. The whole German Empire is to-day a business war organisation, every man taking to order his post on the field or in the workshop, every available factory making war material, the entire life of the country systematised for war purposes, in which the Socialists concur. They voted for the War Loans, the War Budgets with but few exceptions. Heine, one of their chief leaders, has come forward with a Socialist Imperial programme At war, the Germans put their theories in their pockets.

Unanimity of Purpose.

"The men are not chivvied to enlist. They are now forming a school military division, as to which I read the other day that the professors wished to make school training compulsory for a year. It is rather splendid, this German unanimity of design."

"One might think you approved them," my friend threw in.

"On the contrary; but I do admire them. Years ago I told you the Germans would attack Europe—you smiled, you fell back on the professors. Years ago I did what I could to warn England of her responsibilities towards France, towards her Treaties, towards herself. You—among others, jeered. In the vortex of Party politics, Germany became the

shuttlecock of the politicians. To-day she is their despair. We have now got to beat the Germans, beat them so that for a hundred years pan-Germanism will only be a name.

"But to do that we have to organise as they are organised, and give proof of a greater superiority in men and material. It is a matter now of European destiny. Either the Allies crush the Germans or they crush us. There can be no half measures, no half-peace. Any weakness on our part will prolong the end and frustrate the decisions necessary to mankind. The best thing we can do is to sit down and organise ourselves, like the Germans, to fight to the bitter end."

"Would you stop racing, then, and all that?"

"Not necessarily. In peace we take our pleasures sadly, in war we wear our responsibilities lightly. In Germany the theatres are running gaily; there are concerts, etc. Schmidt, however, would not understand a 'smart' Ascot. He would not understand his wife coming to him for the money to provide a new rig-out because fashion decreed it. He would not, because the German takes his wars seriously, and also because he is ear-marked. The Landsturm have been called into training now; think what that means—the fat, jolly fathers of families upwards of forty, doubtless for use on the communications. Yet the German does not complain. He goes on with his work until the machine calls him; then he kisses his wife and reports himself.

"Schmidt is an unimaginative fellow, rather a brute, who has gone war-mad, but he has great qualities, and he is showing them.

The Joy of Battle.

"True, they are animal instincts. He set out to smash his way through to the western coasts in order the better to have at us. He was under no delusions. He went forth to battle with the joy of battle in his soul, with the avowed object to destroy and subjugate. This is what it has come to. Half civilisation sets upon the other half like a tiger, and each one claims the higher motive. In truth, this Kultur of the Germans is the greatest madness the world has ever witnessed."

"Then you think Schmidt relishes potato bread?" put in my friend in his best manner.

"Not at all. All over Germany people are certainly suffering acutely. But they are suffering with an astonishing patience. War brings out the best in the Germans, for war is essentially their vocation—war and music.

"The note of cruelty in some music is a German characteristic; on many people music acts physically. All over Germany, from the old man singing on a lyre about the Father Rhine to the discords of Strauss, music plays a conspicuous and national part, numbing the calmer judgment. And war is unquestionably the music of the German race. Under the emotion of music Schmidt is the superman.

No Quarter!

"That is to say, he regards himself as unfettered by any law, reason, principle, or ethic. Had he the upper hand he would strangle our very life blood. In turn we must strangle him. It will take us all our time, and when we have got the dog under we must show him no mercy."

"I don't agree," snapped out my friend. "We must be charitable and let him have some colonies."

"You think so? Well, let me tell you this. If Schmidt had his foot on this island he would make short shrift of all you theorists and sentimentalists; moreover, if you don't squash him now, someday he will break out again and blot you out of your history. Remember this: Schmidt is a natural fighter, a musician, and a cultivated hater, added to which he is an idealist. A more dangerous combination never existed.

"While Smith strikes for wages because he does not think nationally, Schmidt fights because he cannot think otherwise. The sad part of it is that Schmidt looks upon himself as a philosopher or unselfish person—he makes war to bring salvation to the "lesser" peoples. He wants to destroy us for the benefit of his national health.

"He is the polecat of modern civilisation. And it comes to this: Either Smith stands up in Europe or Schmidt does.

Wanted! a National Outlook.

"I am confident that in the end Smith will knock down Schmidt with all his error and vanities and beat him into common sense. But he won't if he thinks too much of his own individual salvation, because all the Schmidts are looking after theirs with all the machinery and organisation of Germany behind them; all the purpose and power of a mad, musical race of warriors; all the concentration of a ruthless determination to impose Germanism upon Liberty and the Union Jack.

"As that is the genius of Schmidt so all the more honour to Smith when at last the Prussian eagle shall lie quivering at the feet of the Allies, dishonoured for all time."

The Daffodil Maid

"I'll marry you in the spring," she said,
"When the daffodil gold lies gleaming,
When the woods are spangled with diamond dew,
And the celandine stars and the violets blue
Awake from their winter dreaming."

Oh! never has winter seemed so long,
'Tis surely a record season;
But I prayed to the daffodil buds to grow,
And they nodded and weathered the frost and snow,
As though they had guessed my reason.

At last in the hedgeways the pipes of spring
Have wakened the blue and yellow,
And it's oh! for the magical days ahead,
For to-morrow the daffodil maid will wed,
And I am the lucky fellow!

Louie Moore.

Flotsam

By

Armiger Barclay

"Never, I ween, did swimmer
In such an evil case
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place."

The wind, blowing off shore, combined with a racing ebb tide, helped Ronnie Bagot along at a prodigious pace. A fast overhand stroke kept his head aswhirl, but through the spume of the breaking waves he got an occasional glimpse of the raft as it rose and fell a hundred yards away.

In Lynmouth he was probably the only man venturesome enough to indulge in a swim on such a day. Though the sun shone and the air was warm, wind and sea seemed to have conspired to keep the beach deserted. Even the promenade was emptier than usual, but that may have been accounted for by the hour. It was past one o'clock, and Lynmouth restaurants and hotels were filling up for lunch.

The swimmer revelled in the choppy sea. He swung his propelling arm potently, taking great breaths, forging on through the green water, nearing the raft. Presently he reached it, caught at the rope festooning its sides, and was about to heave himself on to the planking, when a head and a pair of white arms emerged from the sea at right angles to him.

Delectable arms they were, white and rounded, and the head that belonged to them, capped in a red waterproof turban, was startlingly pretty. A moment ago Ronnie had imagined himself alone in the water. The other's sudden advent made him think of mermaids. But the little ejaculation of surprise that escaped the red lips a couple of yards away, the laughing eyes, and perhaps the modish red turban as well, shattered that illusion.

"How do you do?" he said on the spur of the moment, and immediately felt that he might in the circumstances have expressed himself better.

"Jolly day for a swim," replied the girl. "I thought I was the only one out."

"So did I," said Ronnie.

"Sorry to disappoint you."

"Not at all. Shall I get on and give you a hand up?"

"Thanks, I can manage."

She waited for the upward thrust of her side of the raft, took a purchase on its edge, and, as it fell, lifted herself out of the water with neat dexterity.

Standing there, balancing herself on the swaying raft, she looked the personification of youth and grace. Her clinging bathing costume, matching her turban in colour, was of soft sheeny silk. Salt water, even, had not affected the perfection of its appearance. So, Ronnie thought, might Venus have risen from the sea—if she had had the advantage of a Parisian dressmaker. He raised himself on to the raft and looked up at her.

"You'd be more comfortable sitting, wouldn't you?" he suggested. "Another roller like the last might send you overboard."

"Yes, it is rather like tight-rope walking," she laughed as she dropped down beside him. "You don't appreciate how rough it is until you get on to something that floats."

"Pretty plucky of you to be in the water at all on a day like this. I don't suppose

there's another girl in Lynmouth who would risk it."

"Oh, there's not much risk."

"Not swimming out. But you'll find it stiff work getting back."

"Shall I? Why?"

"Tide," said Ronnie. "Wind, too. They're both strong off shore."

"I didn't think of that," observed the girl.

"You're a pretty good swimmer, though?"

"Oh, fair. I've often been out in worse weather."

"Well, there's no hurry. The raft will give us a rest and a chance to get our wind back."

For a little while they sat in silence. Warm, green seas tumbled over the raft, sometimes covering them to the knees. The summer sun tempered the wind to their thinly-clad bodies. Because of youth and strength and athletic training, they felt no discomfort in an exposure that would have tried others less habituated to an open-air life.

Their backs were to the shore. The open sea, sun and foam-flecked, lay before them, clear to the horizon but for a ship or two, hull down. A few fishing-smacks, mere specks, were beating laboriously across the bay.

Ronnie hardly noticed these. He was occupied in speculation concerning his attractive companion. It was delightful to watch her. The pose she had unconsciously fallen into struck him as one which the average girl might have tried to reproduce in vain. Her face was in profile, clear-cut and perfect as a cameo. Her long lashes swept her cheek. The foreshortening of her curved upper lip fascinated him.

And then, suddenly, his attention was distracted. With a shock he became aware that something was wrong with the raft. Simultaneously, the girl's face showed that she had made a like discovery.

"We're moving!" she exclaimed, but without alarm. "The raft's going round!"

The side on which they sat had unaccountably veered from south to due west. For an instant Ronnie thought the tide had turned. Then he remembered that another three hours must elapse before the ebb ceased to flow. A turn of his head showed him the shore a quarter-of-a-mile away, not a hundred yards, as it had been. The town itself was receding on their left hand. They were already beyond its last scattered row of cottages. In a flash he understood what had happened.

"We're drifting!" exclaimed the girl.

Ronnie nodded. He was thinking hard. It was evident to him that the raft had broken its moorings, and that they were being carried out to sea at a prodigious rate. His eyes measured the distance to the shore. One look convinced him of the impossibility of reaching it by swimming. To battle against such a tide for that distance would be madness.

"I'm afraid we are," he said quietly enough.

But he felt anything but calm. Anxiety for the girl filled him. The raft might drift like this out of sight of land. Darkness might come down before assistance could reach them. How would she endure exposure to the night air?

"Can't we swim for it?" she asked, as though in answer to his thoughts.

She had gone a little pale, but the steadiness of her eyes told him she was far from panic. She rested on her knees, stiffening her arm as though about to rise to her feet.

"No," he answered, involuntarily reaching out and putting a restraining hand on her shoulder. "We mustn't risk it."

"The tide?"

"Yes. We couldn't make an inch of headway. Don't be frightened."

"I'm not—very. Can't we make signals?"

Her eyes went rapidly over the surface of the raft; they took in Ronnie and, lastly, herself. The raft, of course, was absolutely bare. Their own costumes, correct enough for swimming, permitted of no reduction for signalling purposes.

A rippling laugh showed her quick appreciation of the latter fact. Ronnie had observed her rapid inventory. His spirits went up with a bound. It struck him that a girl who could laugh in such a predicament must be possessed of nerve and courage to face it.

"I wonder what people who are wrecked feel like," she said reflectively—"in the ocean, out of sight of land, I mean. Do they *always* have cases of food and barrels of water, and fishing-lines and matches, and —and things like those?"

"In story books, yes. The author would have nothing to write about if he set them adrift like——"

"Like us? It certainly isn't very exciting. Can't we *do* something?"

"We might have a swim," Ronnie suggested, but without much enthusiasm.

She pouted.

"I don't think I want to. I'm dry and warm now. Besides, I don't feel the incentive

to swim for the mere sake of distraction. Do you?"

"No. I'm very comfortable as I am. If only——"

"I know. If you only had a cigarette or a pipe."

It only wanted that suggestion to make Ronnie positively ache for a smoke.

"I say, please don't!" he protested. "And what about you?"

"I shouldn't mind a cigarette myself."

"But—aren't you hungry?"

"Getting. It must be long past lunch-time."

"You poor little soul! I wish——"

She didn't ask him what he wished when he broke off as though at a loss for words. A quite normal imagination was sufficient to assure her that he regretted the situation on her account. With cheery perversity she aggravated it.

"Imagine it! A savoury omelette, grilled cutlets, cherry tart, and thick cream. Oh, can't you see them at the hotels tucking into it all?"

"Look here," he rejoined, "it's an awful mistake to think about food when you know you can't have any."

The unconscious severity of his tone pulled her up.

"Do you mean never?" she asked in a dismayed voice.

"No, of course not. Only until we're picked up."

"But who's going to pick us up? I can hardly see the shore."

"There are some fishing-boats out there." He pointed seawards.

"If they're coming in——"

"But suppose they're going out. They're *specks!*"

Soon they were less than specks. A haze settled down over the sea. Ships and shore were all obliterated. As far as appearances went, they were in mid-ocean. They sat for a while dangling their feet in the water. There was nothing else to do. All Ronnie could think of was the improbability of their being sighted. He was fearfully sorry for the girl. He knew she must be hungry, and probably getting cold. He couldn't doubt that, plucky as she might be, she was anxious as well.

She was astonishingly pretty and sylph-like in her bathing-dress. In style and material it was something quite out of the common, distinctly French. It showed her

Standing there, balancing herself on the swaying raft, she looked the personification of youth and grace. . . . He raised himself on to the raft and looked up at her.
[Page 117, col. 2.]

taste. He began picturing her in everyday clothes.

"Isn't it about time we introduced ourselves?" he said after a considerable silence. "My name is Ronald Bagot. I'm in the Civil Service—the Home Office."

"And mine is Maud Tritton. I'm staying at the Empress Hotel."

A laugh broke from her.

"How absurd it sounds!"

"Why?"

"Well, think of our present address! The Raft—Bristol Channel. Poor aunt would be in a terrible state about me if she knew."

"But she will know, or guess. She's sure to hear of the disappearance of the raft."

Miss Tritton shook her head.

"No, she went up to town yesterday for a week."

"Then you were all alone in Lynmouth?"

"Yes. And I promised auntie I wouldn't go swimming till she got back," she said with a touch of regret.

"Don't think about that now. It isn't a very terrible crime. And it's my gain, anyhow."

Miss Tritton was not fishing for compliments, so Ronnie's last words ushered in a pause.

"I'm staying at the Empress, too," he went on presently.

"Alone?"

"Yes. But I'm expecting friends. They're coming in their yacht to take me for a cruise."

"How jolly."

"If I don't miss them. I say, you do look cold!"

"Not very."

There was evasion in her tone. Her hands showed a tinge of blue. Chill, rheumatism, pneumonia—all the ills that come from exposure ran in Ronnie's mind. Without asking permission, he took her two hands and began chafing them. The friction brought a glow into them, and a tingling sensation to his own in addition.

"That better?" he asked after a minute or two.

"Much, thanks."

He continued to hold her hands, wondering what else he could do to comfort her. Perhaps the magnetised ring he wore, given him as a charm against rheumatism, would have some efficacy in her case. It was thrown away on him. He drew it off his finger and slipped it on one of hers.

"Keeps rheumatism away, you know," he explained.

Her head was lowered. She was struggling to control a secret amusement. In spite of all she could do that characteristic ripple of laughter escaped her.

"What's the joke?" Ronnie inquired.

"Oh, nothing."

But she could not take her eyes off the ring, one of those plain gold bands easily mistaken for a rather cumbrous wedding-ring. Without premeditation, Ronnie had put it on the third finger of her left hand.

Suddenly she snatched the hand away, and with an exclamation of surprise looked over her shoulder. Only then did Ronnie hear the sound of oars, and he did not welcome it.

Through the haze a boat was approaching the raft. A fat, red-faced, typical long shoreman occupied it. When within a few yards of them he stopped sculling.

"Want to be rescued, don't you?" he observed.

"Of course," returned Ronnie. "Pull alongside."

"How much will yer pay?"

"Can't you leave that until we're ashore?"

"No, I can't. I want five pounds."

"Ridiculous!" scoffed Ronnie.

"All right," said the man, dipping a scull. "I'll go back. I reckon I'm the only one in Lynmouth as knows where you be, and the only one as could work out the drift you've made."

"Where are we?"

"Six miles west of the town and four off shore. Good-night, mister."

But before he could turn, Ronnie had capitulated.

"It's extortion, but I'll pay," he agreed. "Does that satisfy you?"

"'Ow about the money? I reckon you ain't got it with you," debated the man.

"Not a cent. I hope the discovery that cupidity has its drawbacks doesn't distress you?"

The man scowled at Ronnie's irony without understanding it. He hesitated for a moment or two, then drew up to the raft.

"Reckon I've got enough security," he mumbled to himself.

Ronnie helped Miss Tritton into the boat. A dilapidated oilskin coat lay under one of the thwarts, and he made her put it on. Then, for the sake of the exercise, he took the sculls and pulled away from the raft. The boatman watched it as it receded.

"I ought to 'ave brought a line and towed it back," he said regretfully. "There'd be more selvidge."

"If you knew what had become of it, why

A boat was approaching the raft. A fat, red-faced, typical longshoreman occupied it. When within a few yards of them he stopped sculling. "Want to be rescued, don't you?" he observed.

the deuce didn't you pull out sooner?" Ronnie demanded.

The man laid a finger knowingly against his nose.

"If I'd come sooner you wouldn't 'ave give me so much," was the shameless reply.

"You ought to be a Jew!"

"If I'd been a Jew, I wouldn't 'ave forgot a tow-line."

Ronnie vented his disgust at the usurious advantage taken of him in exertion. He pulled for half-an-hour, and then made Miss Tritton do so. When the exercise had warmed her, the sculls were handed over to the boatman. As time went on the haze lifted and the sea went down. Lynmouth at last hove dimly in sight. So did several vessels, making for the harbour mouth. One of them was steaming towards them, about a mile astern. The boatman stopped pulling.

"About that five pounds, mister," he began. "When'll I be paid?"

"When I get to my hotel."

"When you get to your hotel! I mayn't never see you again."

"I sincerely hope not," said Ronnie.

"All right. I reckon I'll 'ang on to your clothes until I see the money."

"What do you mean?" demanded Ronnie with sudden anxiety.

"I mean I got your clothes, her'n as well as your'n. And I'm going to keep 'em as security."

"You had the confounded impudence to go into our tents——"

"That's it. I ain't takin' any risks in a selvidge job like this."

"You infernal pirate!"

A look of anguish had come into Miss Tritton's face.

"But how are we to get to the hotel without our clothes?" she cried. "I simply couldn't be seen on the parade like this!"

The boatman was about to make some indifferent rejoinder, when a steamer's syren broke on the air. It was so close that Ronnie and Miss Tritton turned startled faces in its direction. A hundred yards off a clipper bow was creaming the water in the boat's wake. She was painted white, and the gilt

scroll-work on her sides proclaimed her to be a yacht.

Ronnie stood up. The light of recognition came into his eyes. He gave a quick glance at the boatman.

"Do you speak French?" he asked Miss Tritton in that language.

She nodded affirmatively.

"Then, listen. That's the Royles' yacht; they're the friends I told you of. We must get to her. This brute here doesn't intend to give up our clothes until he's been paid. There will be crowds on the beach waiting to see us land. There's only one way to avoid them—dive overboard and swim to the yacht. Are you equal to it?"

Again she nodded.

"All right. Take off that oilskin, and wait till I give the word."

She did as he bade her. The yacht overhauled them fast. When she was within forty yards or so Ronnie gave the signal.

"Now!" he shouted, and almost as he spoke, Miss Tritton was over the stern and he after her. The boatman, unprepared for this startling coup, and almost pitched off his thwart by its precipitancy, gave vent to a yell of surprised alarm. That and his frantic efforts to turn the boat in pursuit of the fugitives had the immediate effect of drawing the attention of those on the yacht to what was happening. There were shouts, the engines were reversed, the gangway was hurriedly lowered, and before the boatman could reach the two expert swimmers they were safe on board.

"Got any clothes to spare?" were Ronnie's first words to his astonished friends. "Jack, Constance, this is Miss Tritton. Mr. and Mrs. Royles."

"Delighted!" gasped Mrs. Royles, and showed that she meant it by the way she looked at the dripping girl. "But what has happened? Is it a race, or a cinema rehearsal, or what?"

"Tell you all about it later," retorted Ronnie. "What we want first is something to wear."

"All right," said Royles. "We've plenty of clothes. Come along below. But what about the Johnnie in the boat? He seems a bit excited."

"Never mind him. He's the blighter who's stolen our things. Get your gangway up, Jack, and signal full speed ahead, or he'll strip the copper sheathing off the yacht."

The owner gave the word. "Clang" went the engine-room telegraph, and the yacht gathered way. The boatman hurled imprecations at the fugitives.

Mrs. Royles drew Ronnie aside.

"Ronnie, what does it all mean?" she whispered. "Have you brought that nice girl for a cruise with us? And are you married—or only engaged?"

Ronnie stared at her.

"You said *Miss* Tritton," proceeded Mrs. Royles, "but she's got a wedding-ring on!"

"By Jove, so she has!" admitted Ronnie. "Constance, you've given me an idea! Wait a moment, and I'll tell you how we stand."

He stepped across to the companion hatch, where Miss Tritton stood awaiting her hostess.

"I say, I'm rather afraid that ring of mine has misled them," he began in a nervous undertone. "They don't know it's for rheumatism."

Miss Tritton bit her lip. It was twitching again.

"They want you to come for a cruise. Will you? She—Constance—thinks we're engaged. Need we—er—disappoint her—Maud?"

A glow, a little less roseate than the red of her turban, flooded Miss Tritton's face. She gave Ronnie a sidelong, captivating glance.

"I'll tell you when I'm dry," she said, and bolted incontinently down the companion.

DO YOU WANT A MONEY PRIZE?
If so, turn to page 159
and enter for our
Great Picture Puzzle Competition.

PICTURE PARAGRAPHS

The Editor will be Pleased to Purchase Photographs of an Interesting and Out-of-the-Way Nature. All Photographs should be Accompanied by a Short Description.

Photo *By Courtesy of Popular Mechanics.*

An electric car which dashed across the pavement in a street of Rockford, Illinois, and plunged headlong down an area and into a basement window.

A CAR IN AN AREA.

MOTOR-CARS are wayward things, and an electric car which dashed across a path in Rockford, Illinois, pushed aside an iron railing guarding an areaway, and plunged headlong into a basement window, was certainly no exception.

The car was occupied by a woman, who was pinned between the stone window-ledge and the seat of the machine. Her head was caught between an electric-light bracket and another part of the car, but wonderful to relate, not a bone was broken. The car had to be pulled partly out of the area before the unfortunate woman could be extricated.

What the people of the house thought of this unceremonious entry through their window can only be imagined, though, if any of them were in the room at the time, they must have had a tremendous shock.

MOUNTED ON A LION.

LIONS have been trained to do many wonderful tricks, but Prince is said to be the only one who has been taught to stand while his keeper mounts on his back. Prince belongs to a group of eight lions recently trained by Professor J. Teller, a well-known American trainer.

It took nearly four months of patient work before Prince would allow the Professor to mount on his back, and on more than one occasion the animal came very near losing his temper, so great was his resentment.

Over and over again friends advised the Professor to give up the task, as it seemed almost impossible of accomplishment. Still he persevered, until Prince had to give in and submit to the ordeal.

The chief difficulty was to accustom him to the weight, and make him understand he must either stand still, or at least move forward evenly.

So far as weight is concerned a lion can easily carry a man, so it is no hardship at all for Prince to be mounted in this fashion.

Photo *H. J. Shepstone.*

Prince is the only lion who has been trained to allow his keeper to stand on his back, a performance which took four months' work to accomplish.

During the testing of a G.W.R. bridge near Snow Hill Station, eight locomotives in close order were run across it, and the deflection of the girders subsequently measured.

A STIFF TEST.

When a survey of the permanent way of our railroads is made, bridges always receive particular attention. During the testing of one of the Great Western bridges near Snow Hill Station, eight locomotives in close formation were run over the bridge. The total weight amounted to 700 tons, a considerably heavier load than the bridge is required to carry in ordinary traffic.

By means of a series of sliding-rods under the girders of the bridge the deflection of the girders caused by the weight of the trains was registered, and the engineers were able to discover any weakness in the structure.

The fountain in Western Park, Sheffield, during a spell of sharp frost.

A FOUNTAIN OF FROST.

In the north of England very sharp frosts are often experienced, and beautiful effects are usually the result. The Western Park fountain, at Sheffield, which is situated close to the gate, often presents a lovely appearance, draped in a silvery mantle of ice.

A scene in the Panama Canal, out of which this boulder, weighing 40 tons, was lifted by means of specially constructed dredgers.

ROCKS REMOVED!

By means of two specially built dredgers boulders of enormous size have been lifted bodily from the Panama Canal almost as easily as if they had been pebbles.

This particular boulder weighed 40 tons, but it was lifted clean out of the water and swung to one side, free of the channel.

These dredgers proved of immense assistance in clearing the channel, and simplifying the labours of the enterprising people responsible for making the Canal.

JACK TARS IN THE MAKING:

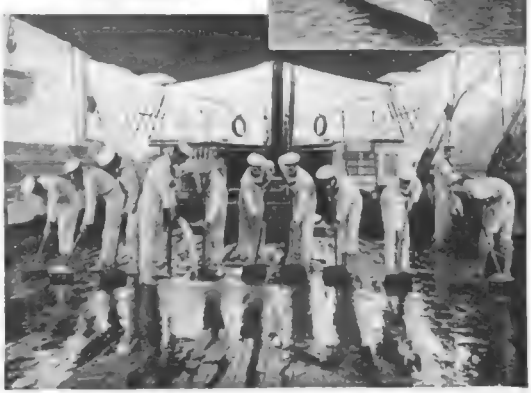
How the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve is Trained in the Heart of London.

Many Londoners must have noticed the old warship H.M.S. *President* moored along the Victoria Embankment, but may not have recognised it as the headquarters of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. The London Establishment consists of the ship herself, and a shore depôt just opposite on the other side of the river.

At this depôt most of the training and drill is carried out in the spacious drill halls, which contain all sorts of naval appliances and guns. There are also a signal school and an excellent canteen. Petty officers on the active list of the Royal Navy act as instructors, the handling and loading of guns, boat pulling, sailing, and deck scrubbing all being included in the curriculum.

The London members are mostly recruited among banks and insurance offices, lawyers, and professional men, and in peace time the different companies take it in turns to have a week or two on the old boat, where they carry out Navy routine between 6 P.M. and 8 A.M., without interfering with their usual duties. Whenever possible the men go to sea for a fortnight or more yearly. Since the war started the force has been largely increased.

Every detail of naval routine is dealt with; here the men are seen manning a boat over the boom.



Photos Humphrey Joel.

The R.N.V.R. are soon initiated into the art of scrubbing decks, and may be seen in the early morning practising vigorously on that of H.M.S. *President*.

"Boots, boots, boots, boots, movin' up and down again—
And there's no discharge in the war!"

'UBERT was third hole down in unlacing his second boot when he stopped. He hung in suspended animation, looking, and the word he mentioned was a strong one.

Squatting, he could look out obliquely from under the lid of the dug-out, and what he saw was an impassioned spectacle of a pair of mud-anointed puttees ascending out of view from two pads of clay that had once been booted feet. As he looked the puttees and feet elongated, rather like the back of a cat at the stretch, the toes pushed downward, the calves bunched, the knees stiffened against the wall of the trench. There was a thrusting, eager excitement about the legs. 'Ubert mentioned the fat, strong word again. "*Sip-at*" went a small-bore rifle somewhere over the dug-out, and a flickering of cordite-fume whirled under the roof and tickled 'Ubert's full nose. A sergeant came rushing into the place. He called out many times in a well-planed voice:

"Tumble out there. Tumble out. Tumble out lively."

'Ubert mentioned his soothing word again. He swept his mud-engrained and snub-nosed rifle to him with one smooth and accustomed gesture, and "tumbled out," limping violently. A man swinging by him turned at the roof-truss, and asked:

"Wot o, 'Ubert; 'it?"

"Feet," said 'Ubert. "Noo boots—blinking noo boots."

Some genius trod on a dangling lace, and 'Ubert's toes drove hard against those stiff and chafing places that had already made his flesh so raw. With a yelp the injured man swung about. There was manslaughter in his eyes. He had worn those boots for three days and three nights without easement, and they had begun to torture him after the first hour.

"Tumble out. Tumble out lively," chanted the uninspired sergeant. 'Ubert, without his revenge, found himself with red-hot feet standing on the firing platform of the trench.

Overhead the air was full of a humming of telegraph-wires, though there were no wires there; 'Ubert knew what that was, and kept his head low with his cheek well against the dripping surface of the sand-bags. Somewhere on the further side of the sand parapet there came a thick, wet blow, and another and another, as though a man was striking a soggy carpet with a stick. 'Ubert knew what that was, too, but he paid the noise no attention. With movements so perfect and sure from practice that the whole of him seemed a well-oiled and well-balanced machine, he did a number of things very swiftly.

He snatched a bundle of rags from the loophole in the bags before him, fished inside and took out a big, bullet-stopping stone. He threw into the loophole a quick, stabbing glance, and even as he glanced his left hand went out, and his fingers by instinct closed on a clip of cartridges in the ammunition shelf (it had once been a large tobacco box) let into the earth off the trench-wall about elbow level. A couple of swift movements, and the cut-off of his rifle was out, the clip thumbed in. His hands lifted even as they worked. At the moment the task was completed, his rifle was also out through the loophole.

"Hold fire until 150 yard mark," a voice was droning behind him. Other voices were catching the command and tossing it further and further out of hearing. 'Ubert looked through the little grey lozenge of light that stood above his rifle sights. He saw, many fields off, a bundle of black blots lift out of the earth, slide forward, then disappear, as though through a trap-door. 'Ubert grunted.

The first man went sprawling as though his heel had slipped; he twisted from the hips, and caught at the second man with his hands. "*Cra-eck!*" The second man fell down on to the neck of the first. [*Page* 129, *col.* 1.]

"Five 'undred, if a hinch," he muttered. He left his rifle lying in the loophole, bent swiftly, and took off his boots.

As his sore, bare feet touched the slime of the platform he shivered at the icy impact. But he drove one foot after the other into the mud, obtaining almost a joyous sensation of painful relief. He picked up his offending boots and examined them, and his first pride in them returned. They were first-class boots, good, strong boots, well clumped, built like battleships, built to last for ever. They were the best boots 'Ubert had had in this campaign, where boots were worth double their weight in gold; they were the best boots he was ever likely to have. He knew the dead officer who had worn them first had had a smaller foot than himself. But they were worth a good deal of suffering, those boots. 'Ubert guessed he'd have to be like the officer before he allowed anyone to "pinch" them from him.

'Ubert dropped the precious footgear suddenly and pressed himself flat against the mud wall before him. Something with the roar of an electric tram travelling with all brakes on was diving straight at the trench. It struck, bashing its way through the parapet and the bags, some distance to 'Ubert's right.

A man went out altogether. There was a crash that resembled nothing so much as all the world's crockery falling down all the world's stairs. 'Ubert went sprawling and a surf of dirt splashed over him and his boots. To his right there was a great hole throwing off vapour at a fierce pace, as though a new vent had just been struck to hell. 'Ubert, unhurt, cursing "Jack Johnsons," came to his feet, and scrambled at once under the *débris* for his beautiful boots. Twenty yards away, in the next section of trench, another horrid volcano of flame and mud and noise gushed upward. And just before his trench there was another.

"Crikey," commented 'Ubert, "they 'ave got us—*nicely*." He wanted those boots bad and quick. If those beggars had got the range he'd have to clear out. HE wasn't going to leave THEM blighters his boots.

The trenches swayed this way and that as a surge of excitement flowed across them. An officer-boy was yelling "Get ready, there! Get ready, there! Get ready, there!" an immense number of times. Sergeants were calling "Sight for 150, and aim at their tummies" in voices that they fondly hoped were very, very calm. R.A.M.C. men were scuttling along the passage-trench, heads down, stretchers at the trail, "grubbers" in their hands for digging men out of collapsed trenches.

There was a lot of vapour blowing about, and as the men ran it caught at their shoulders and trailed behind them. Then there was a lot of whistling striking out in cool lines of silver through the chaos. The huge instinct of training lifted 'Ubert upright, thrust him against his rifle-butt, curled his finger round the trigger, set it jerking.

In 'Ubert's lozenge of vision there were now ten bent men running with a curious high action of the knees. Into those ten men 'Ubert ripped his "mad minute."

He did not know if he hit or how often. He "marked over" the jumping, grey blobs of men, fired, and fired, and fired. He was keenly conscious that if he did not fire often or well enough one of those beggars would get into the trench, and then, of course, it would be all up with his boots. He fired and fired. He saw something—was it a man?—jump and wriggle on the ground like a shot hare, and somehow there seemed fewer than ten men running. Still he fired.

There was a blank space before him. All the grey blobs had vanished. There was nothing more to shoot at. 'Ubert half turned to search the dirt for his boots. At once, with a meanness that was loathesome, a crowd of grey men jumped out of the very ground into his lozenge of range. There were more than ten of them this time. They were closer together than the other group, and they were ever so much nearer. 'Ubert cursed. He thumbed in a clip of cartridges, and pumped off nickelled bullets with a furious and mechanical zeal.

He was hitting solidly now, could hardly miss. But it didn't help. No sooner had he knocked a grey man down than he was up again, only now there were two of him.' Ubert was furiously angry with their abnormal upspringings. His fist was shuttling unceasingly back to his ammunition recess; he was firing unceasingly.

The trench was full of whirling and syncopated noises. Men were shouting and dashing about like stampeding horses. Down to the left, at the dead-end of the trench, there was a precipitation of uproar. There was a wild yelling, a stumbling and wrestling, blows, screaming, and a quick-firer action of snapped orders. A bunch of men rushed by him to this noise, clumping together and jostling madly to get to the turmoil.

The frenzy of mob-sound leapt up a pulse-beat. It was stirred up with a sudden stiff outburst of rifle-firing. The men who had run along, ran back, but only half of them were left.

As they ran they stopped and turned, and jerked a handful of shots backward along the trench. Then they ran again. 'Ubert viewed their behaviour with indignation. Did one of these selfish fellows realise that under the earth at his feet——

Some of them saw him and called to him.

"Git out of it!" they yelped. "Va-moose! Look slippy! They're in! They've took the trench! Run, man! Run like blazes!"

"'Ere, I say!" yelled 'Ubert. "'Ere, 'old 'ard. I've gotter find somethin'—'ere. I've gotter find me boots!"

The running men were by him in a flash. Apart from the slow wreathing of smoke, the trench was starkly empty. 'Ubert grabbed his rifle, knelt, fumbled with his free hand in the earth. He'd have a minute or so——

Two grey men came scrambling quickly along the trench.

"You dawgs!" snarled 'Ubert. "Give a man a chance!" His rifle lifted. "*Cra-ack!*" The first man went sprawling as though his heel had slipped; he twisted from the hips, and caught at the second man with his hands. "*Cra-ack!*" The second man fell down on to the neck of the first; both barred the passage-way with their bodies.

'Ubert swore afresh. Nobody would give him his chance. There were grey men in swarms coming along. The private nuzzled against the wall of his recess. The first of the grey men came in a pack. He emptied his magazine with dazing rapidity into the clump.

The clump writhed and squirmed, trying to get forward, trying to get back, trying to do both in a hurry. 'Ubert had seen a group of worms doing just that sort of blind and frantic thing. Men stumbled out of the bunch and fell down heavily. 'Ubert snatched another clip, had his rifle up, and was letting them have it again.

More and more grey men came bundling into the pack.

"Harses!" commented 'Ubert.

It made it all the easier for him. It was like shooting into a human haystack. The grey men tumbled and tossed frantically. Some of them got clear, and jerked off their rifles. A spray of dirt stung the private's face with a thousand pin-points of fire. He could hear bullets smacking all about him. He remained ice-angry and calm, firing with frigid coolness. Not one of those swabs was going to get those boots.

The grey men sucked back, and tried cunning. Men in creeping ones and twos were jerked at him. The first two men died violently. Of the next two, one got halfway to him. 'Ubert thought it was all U. P. The grey man tripped over the dead, and as he fell the private's bullet slew him. The dead, indeed, saved 'Ubert. They tangled and littered the place horribly; there was no rushing over them. They had to be climbed. Grey men, tired of being killed singly, came on in a bunch again. 'Ubert's rifle spoke with the steady whirr of a sewing-machine. The enemy only made the ground more difficult with dead.

Then a happy idea struck them. A hero came forward, and died, but he had already hurled a bomb. The earth went off in a cloud of flame many yards away. 'Ubert was not touched, but he howled with rage. He couldn't fight against that sort of meanness. He crammed his pouches with cartridges, clipped on his bayonet, and got ready to charge them. Another bomb bumped off, and he went out.

But he never charged. A swamp of steel and khaki came abruptly into the trench. It poured in over the rear earthworks, sluiced into and along the ditch, went forward with an exultant rush of feet. The reliefs had retaken the position.

"By George, man!" shouted a young officer in 'Ubert's face. "By George, man, that was pluck. That was the pluckiest thing I've seen for many a day. You've saved the trench, man. You've saved a dangerous situation, probably. Plucky! Infernal plucky!"

"Well," said 'Ubert, "well, eny'ow, 'elp me look fer my boots."

£1,000 IN PRIZES.
Turn to page 159 and see how you may win some of it.

NOW WE KNOW!

People in Their True Perspective Illustrated by Leading Humorous Artists

By

LESBIA ROBINSON

According to Esmond, actors and actresses pale into insignificance before the late comer, who ploughs his way through the stalls, oblivious of the protests of the audience.

SOMTONE has said that no man is a hero to his valet. Perhaps it might be said also that no great man is a great man to his secretary. As a matter of fact, there are no great men.

For some reason or another—some quite inadequate reason, as a rule—nations enter into conspiracies to call certain of their individuals great. It is, no doubt, a species of national vanity akin to the vanity which inspires a mother to attribute quite extraordinary merit and charm to her frequently unpleasant, invariably commonplace offspring.

For instance, the Pobs, that clever and versatile race, own nine "great" soldiers, fourteen "great" poets, several philosophers, and thirty-seven actresses of similar calibre. These are all great because the Pobs say so, and they ought to know.

Very well, then; but what about the Nobs, who live in the adjoining country? Are they to have no great men and women? Must the Pobs monopolise these desirable specimens? Never be it said! Perish the thought! The Nobs immediately attach the label "great" to twice as many of each kind as the Pobs, and live happy ever after. No doubt the Jobs next door will at once double the record of the Nobs, but that doesn't matter. Nobody else's great men are a patch on our own. Are they not ours, and is not that enough?

As with nations, so with lesser units. In the Army, the Navy, the town, the home, the office, there are certain people credited with distinction, often excessively foolish, but indispensable as an outlet for that faculty for veneration which exists in human beings. We must all have our ju-ju, and we do.

In the Army, people called generals and field-marshals are looked upon as great. They have complicated and exaggerated salutes paid to them, and for a little while they feel as important as they are said to be. But the novelty wears off, and soon they appear to themselves no more wonderful than anybody else.

And now comes the point of this article. The theme of it is that a person is as great as he feels, and the drawings show that it is

No field-marshal feels so truly great and self-important as the lusty Boy Scout and the new recruit, so ably depicted by Mr. Alfred Leete.

not always those that enjoy the acclamation of the throng who feel the greatest.

For example, the new recruit tingles with pride. His backbone feels like reinforced concrete. His eye glitters and his step rings on the pavement.

No *blasé* general can enjoy one-tenth of the beautiful, unreasonable exhilaration which fizzes in the recruit's veins. His imagination cannot hold the rest of the Army; he can only think of himself.

Consequently, if we look at things in their true perspective, as shown in the true and talented illustrations, is not the recruit greater than the field-marshal? I trow yes.

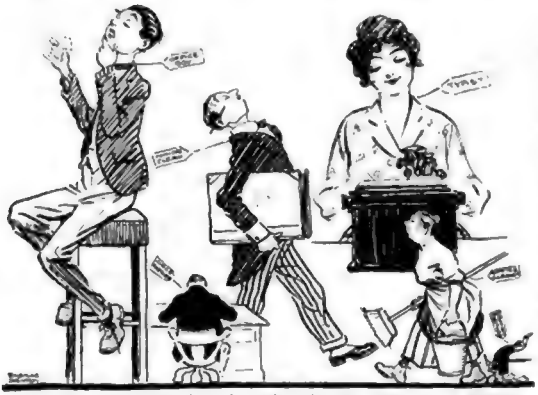
It seems to me that for many a long day we have been pinning the medal on the wrong chest, hanging the garland round the wrong neck. In the words of our Ally—or as near as I can get to them—*nous nous sommes trompés de héros*—we have made a mistake over our heroes. Honour where honour is due—let us in future shout for the right man.

All ye who read, literary people, hungry searchers of the classics, remember those touching lines written by the poet Gray, and called, I think, "An Elegy in a Country Churchyard." Without stopping to wrangle over the exact meaning of the word elegy, I will hasten to remind everyone that, looking at a particular grave, Gray—do not confound him with Sir Edward—speculated on the identity of the deceased. What did he say? He said:

Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

I dare say he was quite right, too, but that is not the point. The point is that Gray

Mr. Starr Wood recognises the real greatness of the private Member, and gives us the much-lauded Cabinet Minister in his true proportion.



In office life it is the typist and office-boy, and not the senior partner, who, in their own estimation, control the destinies of the firm—or so says Mr. Thomas Henry

realised what this article seeks to show, namely, that the so-called obscure are equal to, if not greater than, the so-called great.

Having got thus far let us pause, brethren, to take stock of our surroundings. Where are we going to? Where have we arrived you and I, each and every one of us—the humble, the great, the milkman with his milk the costermonger with his barrow; in short, everybody?

Well, I will tell you, as it seems to me, looking at the question as the sick scoundrel looks from his uneasy couch at the sun sinking in the crimson west, feeling the better for the majestic spectacle.

It seems to me that having discovered the essentially hollow nature of greatness, we need no longer strive after it. We need not get up early in the morning to overcome our neighbours by superior industry. We need not knock the odd pennies off the cheques we write in order to acquire rapid wealth, partly because they will inevitably be added privily to the next account, and partly because, as we have discovered, greatness in wealth is as hollow as greatness in any other direction.

We need not well over with contrition if our wife desires a new hat, lest she be outvied by Mrs. Over-the-Way. It is sufficient to tell our wife that greatness does not consist in the circumference of hats or the length of milliners' bills. It consists in an inward conviction of the mind, not an outward adornment of the body.

I dare say, if anyone has felt strong enough to accompany me so far, it will have occurred to him that the Germans have adopted the views outlined in this brief homily. They say in effect: We are greater than anybody else because we are Germans, and therefore, we can beat anybody else at anything; but even if they were to beat us, which is

Shop-assistants and shop-walkers assume gigantic proportions to the tremulous shopper, as Mr. Reg. F. Smith's illustration so clearly shows.

Officers are nowhere when it is feeding-time in the Army, and it is the cooks who loom large on the horizon of the hungry "Tommies," whom Mr. Weldon Halliday so cleverly depicts.

impossible, for we are Germans, we should still be greater than they are because we are Germans.

I consider this a very sensible view to adopt, if you can only get it accepted by the general public. The Germans did for a long time, though now we have our doubts.

On the other hand, a private conviction of one's own superiority to so-called "great" people is very satisfactory. It eliminates the competitive spirit, the curse of our age. One does not compete with one's inferiors.

Given a sufficiently overweening sense of self-satisfaction it is an easy matter to impress other people with a belief in our own importance. It is a well-known fact that people take you at your own valuation, and if you can only make a sufficiently striking impression they will treat you accordingly. Modesty does not pay nowadays, and the race, if not to the strong, is usually to the most self-sufficient.

At tea-parties the centre of the stage is always monopolised by the pretty girl and her attendant khaki. Mr. Bert Thomas has hit off their self-important attitude to perfection.

The REAL THING

By Louis Tracy.

In the following story Mr. Charles F. Furneaux, of the Criminal Investigation Department, and his colleagues are hot on the track of German spies signalling to enemy ships. How they were captured red-handed and brought to justice forms the basis of a capital story.

"Even spy-hunting can become monotonous," growled Mr. Charles F. Furneaux, creasing his sallow, wrinkled features in a wide-mouthed yawn.

In his heart of hearts, the little man was a very Cockney. Noted as the astutest detective on the outdoor staff of the Criminal Investigation Department, he had been engaged now for four long months in scouring the highways and bye-ways of Yorkshire in company with the duly appointed secret service agent for the county, Mr. Robert Faber. Such an occupation should not cloy, one might think. Truth to tell, Furneaux was hungering for the sights and sounds of the metropolis.

"It's all very well for *you*," he growled, glaring vindictively at his nominal chief, who, however, accepted the detective's guidance without demur or hesitation. "Every now and then you see that girl of yours, and a mere sniff of her bemuses your brains for a week, whereas *I* am growing musty. So much undiluted fresh air is destroying my nervous system. I want the fog of the Embankment. I'm simply pining for the stale-beer smell of the Strand in the small hours of the morning."

"Why not pick up a girl of your own?" demanded Faber lazily, lighting the after-breakfast pipe, that supreme joy of every true smoker. "There's lots of 'em around, and nice ones, too."

"As I was about to say," snapped Furneaux, "the really acute mind is found at its best in a neurotic temperament slightly blended with the lymphatic. Whereas, since I came to Yorkshire, I'm growing fat. Fat, I tell you!" and his voice grew shrill. "I've increased five pounds in weight. When I go back to the 'Yard' they won't know me. Besides, I've never found any good-looking girl ready to fling herself at my head, or on my neck, for that matter."

Faber showed all his fine array of teeth in a laugh. The young lady to whom his colleague had alluded so flippantly was Evelyn Grant, only daughter of Sir Digby of that ilk, lord-lieutenant of the county. Faber had been his lordship's private secretary in the far-off period before the war.

In those pre-historic days he had never dared to breathe a word of love to the pretty heiress, but the perils of his new profession, which, on two notable occasions, Evelyn herself had shared, had broken down barriers which looked insurmountable in the piping times of peace. If the fair Evelyn had not literally "flung herself at his head," she had made it quite clear that she would marry none but the man of her choice, and even her pompous and somewhat class-prejudiced

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father was beginning to see where that choice lay.

Of late, therefore, the visits of the spy-hunters to Armathwaite Hall, Sir Digby's domain, if not actually discouraged, were relegated to a business-like basis. Though Faber's lame brother Jack, an Oxford man, had taken his place, the baronet had assumed a definitely lord-lieutenant-like air when "Bobbie" turned up.

Furneaux, despite his cynicism, had helped the young people in every possible way. They met far more frequently than "father" imagined.

"Do you know," said Faber, after a pause, during which he had blown several smoke rings into the bright, frosty December air—the two were seated on the southerly verandah of a well-known country hotel—"do you know, I am inclined to agree with you. We've cleared up most of the coast-line 'mysteries.' We've hunted and caught a good many real spies and broken up dozens of mares' nests. Our peculiar abilities are wasted here. You ought to be tracking down the Kaiser's most dangerous agents, those in the front rank of society, while I——"

He paused, and blew more smoke rings.

Oddly enough, Furneaux neither uttered nor looked the obvious question, nor did Faber complete the sentence. Once, indeed, the detective's small, black, singularly luminous eyes gave him a quick glance, but the younger man's face wore an abstracted expression. His mind happened to be far away from Yorkshire, far even from Evelyn Grant, though her bright presence may have flitted subconsciously through his reverie.

A tall, strongly-built man approached, a man who looked exactly what he was, a policeman in plain clothes. It was P.-C. Baker, the Yorkshire constable who had been detached from his ordinary duties to act as general assistant to the Government agents.

He had been instructed never to salute, so he grinned affably.

"I've just bin havin' a crack with the inspector," he said, "an' he tells me that a keeper on Lord Danby's estate saw the grey car last night."

Instantly the two dreamers were on the alert. They had smashed up one grey car early in their career. This second edition was a vague shadow, reputed to be fitted with a wireless installation, which sped out of some unknown recess about eight o'clock each evening, ran by by-roads to one or other of the moorland hills overlooking the North Sea, remained a few minutes, and raced back to its lair by a different route.

Time and again had it been reported, but never could it be stopped by any authorised party. To establish an efficient patrol on those hundreds of miles of main roads and lanes needed at least two hundred men. The Government had appointed two, one unpaid! The third, Baker, was lent by the County Chief Constable.

"Come to the sitting-room," said Furneaux, springing to his feet as if his limbs were made up of steel springs and india-rubber.

Behind a closed door he tabled a map. Baker pointed out the place where Lord Danby's keeper had seen the car, and the line it followed. The testimony of such a witness was valuable. He knew every car in the district, and any strange vehicle in that remote locality at a late hour was necessarily an object of suspicion.

"Returning from the Beacon," commented Faber.

"Probably," agreed Furneaux.

"An' we've bin there night after night," sighed Baker.

"Suppose we try Ralph Cross to night," muttered Furneaux.

"No," said Faber, with a curiously decisive note in his voice. "We'll make it Swarth Hag, if you don't mind."

Now, each of the heather-clad heights named was marked with a cross on the map produced by Furneaux, a map which had been found in the house of a dead spy.

"In that event we can lunch at Armathwaite," said the detective drily.

"Yes. That is what I have in mind. One place is as likely, or unlikely, for the night's operations as another, and I want to call at Armathwaite to-day."

Again Furneaux turned those swift-moving, penetrating eyes of his on his friend's face, but to-day Faber was in an inscrutable mood. For a wonder, the little man did not say anything sarcastic.

"Very well, Swarth Hag be it," he agreed. "Have the car ready at noon, Baker. I'll give a couple of hours to a neglected correspondence."

"I have letters to write, too," said Faber, but after the others had gone he did not move for a long time. Then he went into the smoking-room of the hotel, refilled his pipe, wrote a brief but carefully considered note to a lawyer in York (it was, in fact, a draft of his will), and walked to the post-office, where he posted the letter and

dispatched a telegram addressed to the colonel of a reserve battalion stationed at York.

At twelve o'clock the three were in the car. At a quarter-to-one they passed through the lodge gates of Armathwaite, and Faber tootled joyously on the horn.

Sir Digby, at work in his library with Jack Faber, heard the cheerful call and looked up sharply.

"Your brother, I suppose," he said almost testily.

"I expect so," was the answer. A little more of this lord-lieutenant manner and Jack Faber would boil over.

Now, the worthy baronet's wits had been sadly pestered by the manifold cares of war-time, and he was much beholden to each of his private secretaries. So he checked such other words as might have risen to his lips, and rang a bell. A footman appeared.

"Tomlinson," he said, "tell Miss Evelyn I want her."

"Miss Evelyn has just run across the lawn, Sir Digby," said the impassive Tomlinson.

"Very well. Run after her, you idiot."

"Yes, Sir Digby."

Jack Faber bent over his papers. For the life of him he could not repress a smile.

Tomlinson did not run. He was of far too stately mien to indulge in violent exercise. Moreover, he owned far too big a heart, and all the world loves a lover.

The message was duly delivered, however, and caused a quick interchange of comprehending looks between the two people chiefly interested.

"If you will allow me, Evelyn, I'll see your father first," said Faber quietly. "I have something important to tell him. I won't detain him long."

"I hope your news, whatever it is, will put him in a good temper. Dad's awfully grumpy nowadays," said the girl.

"Oh, I think I'll cheer him up. I've received an exceedingly nice letter from the Home Office. They are beginning to recognise the valuable services rendered in this county by the lord-lieutenant."

Furneaux's mobile lips met in a cynical smile. He had seen that letter. It asked Mr. Faber if he could not now dispense with the assistance of the Scotland Yard officer!

Jack Faber wondered what his brother had to say which must reach Sir Digby's private ear alone. He expected to be told after luncheon. So did Evelyn. Both were disappointed in that respect, though agreeably surprised by the baronet's marked geniality during the meal. He could not have been more cordial to Robert Faber had he chosen him as a son-in-law!

Faber deftly parried the girl's questions, put at the first available opportunity. He almost persuaded her that the Home Office compliments accounted for her father's changed attitude. The arrival of a telegram while the whole party were at table helped the harmless subterfuge, for it was nothing else. Sir Digby read the message and nodded to Faber.

"That all right," he chortled. "I'll write the letter without an hour's delay."

Now, letters have an indescribable fascination for every woman, and Evelyn Grant was adorably feminine. She possessed a key of the letter-box in the hall, of course, and used it before the first afternoon clearance. Disregarding all the typed envelopes, she examined one addressed in her father's handwriting.

She looked puzzled at first. Then she paled a little, and her hand shook as she replaced it, and locked the box. But not another word did she say to "Bobbie" Faber as to that mysterious conversation with Sir Digby.

Nor did she seek to discover the nature of the evening quest, a fact which, at any other time, might have made him suspicious. As it happened, his own thoughts were too tumultuous. Thus do young people in love inflict self-torture. There must be a subtle pleasure in such delicious pain, or they would not be so silly!

"Will you be passing this way again during the week?" she asked, while an early cup of tea was being served in the drawing-room.

"If possible," put in Furneaux before Faber could contrive a suitable reply.

Sir Digby had not come in as yet from the library, so they all laughed.

"Of course, you haven't the remotest notion where you will sleep to-night?" went on Evelyn.

"It all depends," said Faber, feeling secure of his ground now. "If the fates permit I'll go to York. I have some business there to-morrow."

"Anything special, Bob?" asked his brother.

"No, merely an appointment with a lawyer-man. Then I have a few calls to make. Unless something really urgent claims Furneaux and myself, I'll be there all day."

Evelyn helped to pack the luncheon basket in the car with sandwiches, cakes, and Thermos flasks of hot tea. Watching a cross road on a bleak moor on a cold night in mid-December is a chilly job at the best. None but those who have tried it can know how vitalising is a pannikin of steaming tea after a few hours of enforced inaction. The liquid seems to run into every vein with a magical celerity.

The day was Tuesday, December 15th; a certain damp rawness in the atmosphere, which came on as the day wore, developed into a white frost, with slight fog when night fell.

Faber bade the girl good-bye as they stood in the doorway with his brother and the detective. Sir Digby, still in excellent good humour, had slapped him on the shoulder and told him to consider the Rolls-Royce his own car.

"You've earned it," said the Lord-Lieutenant. "Now you must keep it, my boy. Oh, yes, I know you've secured a Fiat belonging to that rascal Steinbaum, but it won't be out of the repairer's hands till the spring, if I know anything about the ways of the tribe. Meanwhile you must have a car, you know."

Then, after a farewell squeeze of Evelyn's hand, Faber took the wheel, Furneaux leapt in beside him, with Baker in the tonneau, and the Rolls-Royce stole noiselessly into the gathering mists.

There was not much talk between the two in the front seats. Such as it was it dealt with the night's strategy. A fairly good road runs across the easterly and seaward shoulder of giant Swarth Hag. After crossing the hill itself the surface of the roadway deteriorates. At its highest point, some nine hundred feet above sea level, the track bifurcates, one branch running steeply into a valley, and another continuing along the moor until, some six miles away, it joins a main road.

The cross-road was the place to watch. Fortunately, a row of shooting-butts stood there, and it would be an easy matter to hide the car behind one of these where the heather permitted of access. The road to the valley was closed by a gate before it entered on the tilled land. The other roads, north and south, were not barred in this way.

Furneaux wanted to catch the signallers actually at work, so they decided not to challenge any car that passed, but to pursue any suspicious car which did not halt within a reasonable distance. The gate was entrusted to Baker. He would go there when a car was heard approaching, and could easily run back in time to join the Rolls-Royce if a chase became necessary. The plan was simple and efficient. The pity was that the sending of a wireless message should have been permitted in that part of Yorkshire on that night, of all nights since the war began.

The first flutter of excitement was felt, after three hours of marrow-searching cold, when the *tauf-tauf* of a motor-bicycle came from the very road the watchers themselves had followed.

Faber grumbled loudly.

"Bang goes any chance of a haul to-night," he said. "This will be some scatter-brained fellow taking a short cut across the moors, and he'll scare that car if it meets him."

Furneaux said nothing, but his teeth chattered. Perhaps he was thinking a good deal.

Be that as it may, the cyclist drew near, slowed, and stopped at the cross-roads. The rider dismounted, and seemed to listen carefully for a few seconds.

Then a clear voice said quietly:

"Where are you, Bobbie?"

"Good Heavens!" cried Faber. "That you, Evelyn?"

"This is the second time you haven't recognised the beat of your own engine," was the prompt retort. "Ah, *there* you are! What a clever hiding-place. I should have gone past without the least notion that you were so near if Mr. Furneaux hadn't told me just where to find you."

"You're trying me harder than you know," muttered Faber in Furneaux's ear.

"Rats!" wheezed the detective. "How do you know *what* I know?"

Further amenities were impossible. Evelyn was already wheeling the cycle across the strip of burnt heather which rendered the moor passable. Faber ran out to help her.

"How cold you poor dears must be!" she said cheerily. "I've brought a fresh supply of tea; and I'm ready for my share, too. The wind is piercing if one hits up any pace."

"Evelyn, you shouldn't have come," said Faber, and there was a note of real pain in his words.

"Why not? Dad thinks I'm reading a thrilling novel in bed."

"Don't you understand that if an enemy's car comes this way it will contain some desperate men, who will certainly fight for liberty? You must not remain here."

"*J'y suis! j'y reste!*" she quoted saucily.

"Very well. We go at once."

"Bobbie, don't be vexed with me—to-night. Listen, now. I'll promise to keep out of harm's way, and I may be useful—if anybody's—hurt."

So they made a compact, and when the grey car *did* turn up, Evelyn Grant was with the three men who watched it from the shelter of the grouse-shooters' refuge.

The hour was later than that usually chosen by the spy fraternity for signalling purposes. It should be understood that lamp signals can be used only as indications of locality—information limited in degree, but of priceless value to an enemy cruiser or submarine nearing these shores after dusk. Hence, the first hour, or, at most, the second, after nightfall is the period of real activity for this purpose. In the case of a powerful wireless installation, however, the later the time the better, though with limitations.

For instance, the movements of the operators, if subjected to the exigencies of motoring, are a controlling factor. If country roads are used between midnight and dawn, the risk of capture obviously becomes immensely greater, the main desideratum of an enemy's car being unobtrusive departure from and arrival at its garage. Now, the Yorkshire police had been watching during many weeks for a grey automobile of a powerful type, with a big black box on the luggage-carrier. Notwithstanding these efforts by the police, no such car was ever reported on the main roads, and the only plausible explanation of the fact was advanced subsequently by Furneaux—*i.e.*, that the box was left each night in one of three or four secluded centres, and picked up there when next needed.

The precise truth, however, will never be known, for reasons which are now set forth.

When the distant drone of an engine broke the silence, Baker hurried to his post at the gate, which he had fastened securely already with a padlock and chain. He was to challenge the car if it tried to go that way, keep himself well under cover, and fire at the front tyre on the slightest indication of an attempt to force a passage. On the other road, either to north or south, the Rolls-Royce might be trusted to hold any car likely to be in the enemy's service.

The simplicity of the plan was its chief merit. It left out of account only the uncontrollable element of chance, the element which so often decides the fate of men and empires.

As it happened, the grey car drew up within forty yards of the very butt which covered the Rolls-Royce. When it stopped, the panting of the exhaust could be heard plainly, and it was evident that the occupants, a chauffeur and two others, had eyes and ears intent for any sight or sound which might indicate danger. But the undulating moorland looked as barren and uninhabited as a Siberian waste, and, after a full minute of waiting, the three men descended. Each had his allotted task, and set about it expeditiously. The chauffeur connected the engine with a dynamo. His companions unpacked the black box and began jointing an aërial. They used the tiniest of glow lamps, which emitted rays just sufficient to light the work in hand, and no more.

Soon the engine was humming merrily, and the crackle of a four-inch spark became audible. Furneaux did his best to record the letters. That was why he allowed the scoundrels to fulfil their mission. He wanted to find out the class of information they were sending, and to whom it went. Secret codes held no terrors for him. Given a sufficiently long and accurate version of a message in any code and he would decipher it in time.

He and Faber soon became aware, however, that the spies were using the German language.

"There are two gunboats in the Tees," they caught, "some cruisers in the Humber and Tyne, and a submarine flotilla off the Northumbrian coast."

Then followed certain details as to future wireless arrangements which have no concern for anyone, since they were drastically interfered with.

Now, a fight on the moor meant taking needless risks, with no small probability that a lucky shot or two might leave victory with the enemy. A capture was more assured if the Rolls-Royce overtook the grey car some miles away, when passing through a wide village street, and an unexpected pistol-shot relaxed one of the grey car's rear tyres just as the pursuer drew alongside. Furneaux wanted to seize that wireless plant intact, too. He thought he could use it to advantage.

The apparatus was packed away quickly. The three men entered the car, and the chauffeur started the engine from the switch. Then the unexpected occurred. One of the

The petrol tank had burst, the inflammable and explosive spirit had caught fire, and not all the King's horses or all the King's men could put out that fire. Faber was just in time to pull an unconscious man out of the wreckage before the flames reached him. [*Page 145, col. 1.*]

men in the tonneau lighted a flare, which instantly revealed three white faces peering over the edge of the shooting-butt, and doubtless brought into startling prominence some parts of the Rolls-Royce and the motor-bicycle.

The flare was tossed into the heather, the grey car leapt forward, turned downhill, and in a few seconds a crash and a shot told that the heavy machine had simply smashed its way through the gate, while Baker had probably shot widely and ineffectively. Indeed, a second and a third shot in quick succession were eloquent of failure.

Meanwhile Faber had sprung to crank up the Rolls-Royce. Alas, the engine was stone cold! It was a bitter night, and he had not put a rug over the radiator; consequently, even the best of engines might prove refractory, and the grey car was already tearing along the valley.

He shouted to Evelyn:

"Do your best. Baker will help. Call him and follow me as soon as possible!"

Then he was gone, and the furious snorting of the motor-bicycle told how. No car on four wheels can compare with a powerful and well-tuned motor-bicycle in hilly country. He saw Baker's arms waving as he passed over the *débris* of the gate. After that he was conscious of nothing save the parallel lines of walls and hedges until he nearly ran into the grey car at a sharp turn in the road nearly a mile ahead.

Pulling out an automatic pistol he fired two shots at tyre or petrol tank. He did not care which he hit. Presumably, one bullet struck a tyre, because the car skidded violently, dashed through a low stone wall and fell or rolled some thirty feet down a steep, rocky slope.

He pulled up, left the bicycle at the side of the road, and, with an electric torch in one hand and the pistol in the other, searched the scene of the grey car's disaster. It was easy to find because it suddenly became enveloped in vivid flames. The petrol tank had burst, the inflammable and explosive spirit had caught fire, and not all the King's horses or all the King's men could put out that fire.

Faber was just in time to pull an unconscious man out of the wreckage before the flames reached him. The chauffeur was dead, having broken his neck, while the third spy was already bemoaning a fractured ankle.

"A satisfactory finish to a very annoying incident," was Furneaux's verdict when the Rolls-Royce arrived. Evelyn Grant had found no difficulty in bringing the car straight to the right place. The grey car's funeral pyre served as a beacon throughout the whole length of the valley.

Then the question of disposing of the enemy's casualties arose. Baker went to the nearest farmhouse, where a bed, a kitchen sofa, and a stable were available. The man who was insensible seemed to be injured internally, so Baker and Furneaux remained on guard until Faber brought a doctor from the nearest town, some twelve miles distant. Incidentally, he would drop Evelyn and the motor-bicycle at the lodge gate of Armathwaite.

He did not scold her for participating in a highly dangerous episode. When she had helped him to lift the motor-bicycle out of the tonneau he kissed her and said "Good-bye!"

"Is that all you have to tell me, Bobbie?" she murmured wistfully.

"I'm in a bit of a hurry to get the doctor," he smiled, "and it's time all good little girls were in bed. Do you know that it is long past midnight?"

"Shall I see you during the next few hours, then?"

He hesitated perceptibly.

"I'm not sure," he said at last. "There will be an inquest on one of those fellows. That may complicate matters somewhat."

"Bobbie," she wailed, in a sudden abandonment of grief, "why are you trying to deceive me? Why are you going to York? What did that telegram tell my father to-day?"

Then Faber took his loved one in his arms, soothed her heart-broken sobbing, and besought her not to unnerve him.

"Other men, older than I, can do my work here," he said. "I'm going where I am really wanted. I hear the voices of the dead calling—the good fellows I've shot with and hunted with—the boys of my old school—the men of my College. They will have died in vain if I, and others like me, remain deaf to their last summons. You *must* let me go, Evie. I'll come back, God willing! If I do, I'll be more worthy of your love than now. Don't you see, I can't help myself? I simply *must* go.

"This morning I telegraphed to the Colonel of a regiment stationed in York asking him if I might join the battalion provisionally while the War Office was giving me the commission which is sure to be granted on the recommendation of a lord-lieutenant. He was to reply to your father, and it was

his telegram which arrived during luncheon Now you know everything."

"I have known all this since tea-time. Mr Furneaux gave me a hint; after that, a glimpse of the address on Dad's letter was enough. Oh, Bobby, is this really 'good-bye'?

"Yes, dear, it is. Isn't it better so?"

With a tremendous effort, the girl checked her tears.

"You're doing the right thing and the proper thing, and I'm immensely proud of you, Bobbie," she cried. "And I'll marry no one but you, dear, and I'll pray for you every morning and night, and when you come home safely after the war is over I'll come to you, wherever you are, and marry you as quickly as we can get the ceremony performed. So now I've told you what I mean to do, and nothing on earth shall move me from my purpose."

And there can be left the love idyll of Evelyn Grant and Robert Faber. Its future is in the hands of Providence, but such staunch hearts may be trusted to survive the hardest tests.

* * * * *

Next morning, while breakfasting together at York, Faber took the Scotland Yard man into his confidence. Furneaux leant across the table with outstretched hand.

"My congratulations!" he said. "It is a time when every youngster with red blood in his veins should want to serve God and the King. You're one of the lucky ones. You'll get through the war without a scratch, and come home and marry the nicest girl in Yorkshire. By that time old Sir Digby will have adapted himself to new standards. He'll welcome a man as a son-in-law—not a shirker."

P.-C. Baker rushed into the room. For once his good-humoured red face was black with anger.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" he cried. "The German Fleet has bombarded Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool. They've killed and wounded hundreds of people. I've a sister in Scarborough. The cowards, the——"

He choked. He was half frenzied with impotent rage.

Furneaux stood up.

"It's all right, Baker," he said. "Mr. Faber is leaving us, but you and I will square the account. Let's catch a spy for every man, woman, and child killed or injured by the swine."

A large order, perhaps, but not impossible of fulfilment if Furneaux and his like were given freedom of action.

PERCY IN 1914.

How beastly it is for a chap to get
His clean new spats and his silk hat wet!
And I had to walk it. I couldn't ride;
All the 'buses were full inside,
And there weren't any cabs; I was fairly sold!
I'm sure I have caught the most ghastly cold.
Such a rush of work, too—I started at ten.
And I left at five, and not finished then;
You haven't a notion how hungry I am.
Heavens! Nothing but apricot jam?

PERCY IN 1915.

Well, some of you fellows are hard to please.
This is nothing—just up to your knees!
Last night, the one I was standing in
Was (look at the tide mark) up to my chin.
When did I wash last? *I* don't know!
It's funny how quickly the weeks do go,
And being on duty night and day
You rather lose count of 'em. Oh, I say,
Have you got such a thing as a bite to eat?
Dinner last night was a rare old treat—
Sardines and gingerbread mixed together,
That's the tuck for this sort of weather!—
But at breakfast this morning we had to barge,
For the whistle went for a bayonet charge;
And I was so busy with my little bunch,
I clean forgot about getting lunch.
Chuck it along then. Thank you. Dash!
No; I know where it went; I saw the splash.
Why, it's only muddy, it mustn't be wasted:
The best bit of beef I've ever tasted!

T. O'Meara.

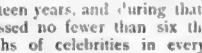
How Might Writes

The autographs of men who are making history in the present war have a special and peculiar interest. In the following article, Mr. W. Reginald Bray, who is the owner of the largest collection of modern autographs in the world, gives us some of the gems of his collection.

By W. Reginald Bray.

I have now been collecting for about fourteen years, and during that period have amassed no fewer than six thousand autographs of celebrities in every conceivable walk of life, from Kings and Queens to John Lee, the "unhangable" man.

For the purposes of this article I will confine myself to the Army, Navy, and Air Service. My object has been, as far as possible to obtain the autograph desired on some important occasion, as, for instance, that of Admiral Sir John Jellicoe, which was signed on H.M.S. *Iron Duke* the night before the Battle of Heligoland Bight.



Special interest attaches to Sir John Jellicoe's autograph, which was signed on H.M.S. *Iron Duke* the night before the battle of Heligoland Bight.

Another very interesting Naval autograph is that of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, signed on H.M.S. *Lion* during war operations.

Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty's signature, obtained on H.M.S. *Lion* during war operations.

Field-Marshal Sir John French's autograph was secured on the battlefield of South Africa at Pretoria in July, 1900, after he had gallantly relieved the town of Kimberley, and is of special interest now that he is the most celebrated soldier of Great Britain on active service.

Lieutenant-Commander Norman D. Holbrook, V.C., dispatched his autograph after he had reached the Dardanelles and sunk the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh* on December 13th, 1914. He also sent a letter which read as follows:

Field-Marshal Sir John French's autograph dates from July, 1900, after his gallant relief of Kimberley.

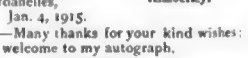
H.M. Submarine B XI.,
Dardanelles,
Jan. 4, 1915.

Dear Sir,—Many thanks for your kind wishes; you are quite welcome to my autograph.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) Norman D. Holbrook.

W. R. Bray, Esq.

The only autograph which I have tried to obtain from Germany during the War was that of M. Max, Burgomaster of Brussels.



Fresh from sinking the Turkish battleship *Messudiyeh*, Lieutenant-Commander Holbrook sent his autograph from the Dardanelles.

and although my card reached the Prisoners' Bureau at Berlin it was not allowed (as I guessed would be the case) to be delivered, but was promptly returned to me.

The signature of King Peter of Serbia, our gallant Ally, is written in the French language.

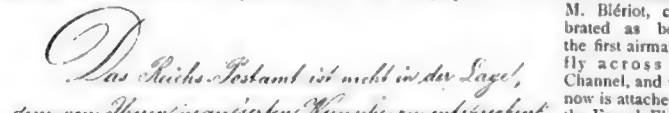
The refusal of the Kaiser to give his autograph fourteen years ago, as shown by

the letter from the Court Secretary, is ample proof that the War Lord even then suffered from "Hymn of Hate" trouble.

Our gallant Ally, King Peter of Serbia, signs his name in French

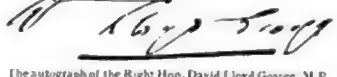
The autograph of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, The Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P., was obtained in a novel and interesting way.

After many vain attempts, the idea struck me that the Chancellor might probably endorse a cheque, which I explained would very well serve my purpose although it was not my usual method of procedure. Not owing the Chancellor any money the amount of the cheque was quite nominal, viz. 1d. Perhaps the thought of scooping in 100 per cent. Stamp duty on one cheque pleased the Chancellor, who at once fell a victim to the snare laid for him.



The Kaiser's autograph was refused by the Court Secretary, whose signature is seen here, and who wrote the above message, which reads in English: "The Imperial P.O. is not in a position to comply with your wishes."

General Sir Horace Smith Dorrien's autograph is only second in interest to that of Field-Marshal Sir John French. Appointed to the command of the Second Corps of the British Expeditionary Force, his services received a warm tribute from Sir John French in his famous despatch from Mons. He has taken part in practically every British campaign in recent years, the present one being his eighth.

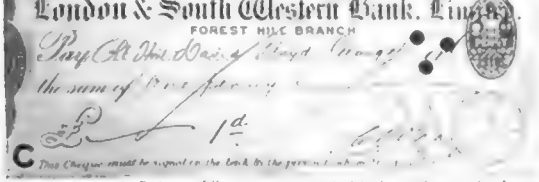


The autograph of the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, M.P., as it appears on the back of the cheque

Of the aviators I have included here the autograph of the famous Frenchman, M. Blériot, celebrated as being the first airman to fly across the Channel, and who now is attached to the French Flying Corps.

Other airmen of note who have also written to me and who are now flying for their country, are notably Hucks and White representing Great Britain, and Vedrines, Salmet, Paulhan, and Noel representing France.

The signature of a great soldier—General Sir Horace Smith Dorrien.



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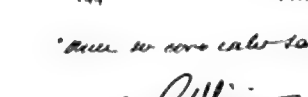
The Chancellor of the Exchequer fell a victim to a snare laid for him in the form of a cheque which he was asked to endorse.

Perhaps the autograph of Admiral von Koester will be interesting to those Germans who even now are still allowed to live in this country, and for their special benefit I have included it.

Captain Pillar, of the *Providence*, Brixham, who with his crew saved

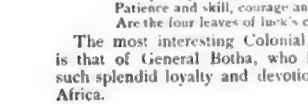


Aviators are represented by M. Blériot, the famous Frenchman, who also sent his best wishes.

seventy-one men of H.M.S. *Formidable*, for which the King decorated him with the Board of Trade Silver Medal, wrote on the card:

They say that luck is only pluck
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill, courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover.

The most interesting Colonial autograph is that of General Botha, who has shown such splendid loyalty and devotion in South Africa.



An interesting German autograph is that of Admiral von Koester, President of the German Navy League.

Many of the War autographs which I have received have been accompanied by quotations, or have been of especial interest apart from the signature obtained, as the following show:

Rear-Admiral Charlier, Governor of Havre, wrote: "*La victoire est à celui qui peut souffrir un quart d'heure plus que l'autre*" (The one who holds out a quarter of an hour longer than the other will be the victor).

M. Pol Roger, the Mayor of Epernay, sent me a banknote for 25 centimes (2½d.), which had been in circulation in Epernay during last September.

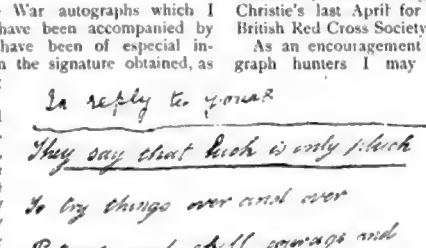
Another very interesting autograph which I received was that of M. Klobukouski, the French Minister to Belgium. The card was signed at St. Adresse, near Havre, and the stamp, a Belgian one, was consequently postmarked in France. His Excellency is no doubt the first Ambassador to enjoy extra-territorial rights in his own country.

General de Sellier's signature (Chief of the Belgian Staff) was signed at Louvain in August last, and is probably one of the last postcards showing the Louvain postmark.

A signature from South Africa is that of the gallant General Botha, whose skill and devotion make his presence there so invaluable.

Many non-combatants who are nevertheless celebrities connected with the War have kindly sent their autographs for my collection, including the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Signor Marconi, and H.M. the Queen of Roumania, whose autograph was sold at Christie's last April for the benefit of the British Red Cross Society.

As an encouragement to would-be autograph hunters I may say that all my autographs have been obtained without influence and by my own personal efforts, so that it is not essential to have friends in high places in order to be successful. Patience and enterprise are the collector's chief assets, and for want of these qualities many collections fall into obscurity after a few months' trial.



Captain Pillar, of the *Providence*, who, with his crew, saved seventy-one men of H.M.S. *Formidable*, wrote a verse on the card in addition to his signature.

FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS TOO

A pack of ROYAL cards or a silver pencil-case will be given for every accepted story, joke, bit of verse, or drawing sent in by a soldier or sailor now serving. Please address envelopes to The C.O., ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Ed. R.M.

RECITATION

(Suitable for a kilted officer in front of rough stage-scenery or for admission by ticket at about 1 guinea. Scottish regiments more forbidden than a Jerusalem exercise. The recitation need not be given in Scottish dialect, though a bit of Irish here on the famous occasion of the battalion does no harm.)

I.

Private Murphy's praties (Cameron's porridge)
Were (Was) the idol of his life;
How gladly would he rush at them (it)
As keen as any knife
He loved them (it) best in all the world,
Except the eyes of blue
Of that enchanting damsel
The Colleen of Killaloo.
(The Lass of Auchterneugh.)

II.

Private Murphy (Cameron) courted her,
A-longing for to wed:
He cried: "Kathleen alanna!" ("Ma wee sma' birdie!")
But she only shook her head
And answered, blushing brightly
As the sunset in the west:
"Give up for me the praties (porridge)
And I'll know you love me best!"

III.

Murphy (Cameron) gave the praties (porridge) up,
But, all too sorely tried,
He fell into despondency
And, very shortly, died.
The stern G.O. commanding said:
"This sort of thing won't do!"
And so, to stop it, married
The Colleen of Killaloo
(The Lass of Auchterneugh.)

SIGHS, NOT CIPHER.

When war broke out a grocer in a small provincial town lost his assistant, who happened to be a German, and took a young lad as help in his place. One day the grocer, examining his shelves, came across a tin on which was chalked these strange words:

"Puff!" "Puff!" "Draw up!" "Draw up!" "Puff!" "Puff!" "Draw up!" "Puff!" "Puff!"

Suspicions of his late assistant being a spy came quickly to his mind, and he felt inclined to call in the police. Tommy solved the problem, however, explaining:

"It's all right, sir! Don't worry! That's the 'Marseillaise' on the mouth-organ!"

MOBILISED PROVERBS.

Camp in enough mud and some of it will stick.

A puttee is a good servant and a bad master.

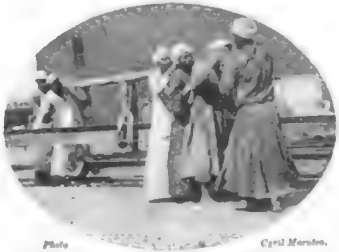


Photo *Cyril Marsden.*

A soldier serving in Egypt sends this quaint photograph of the old style and the new—native builder's labourers shifting steel girders while constructing quarters for the troops

The little, nervous man started up from his seat, holding his battered hat in his hand. . . . "If you won't take my word for it, gents, I'm goin' to the p'lice." —

THE "HUMAN NOTE."

How It Cropped Up when Least Expected.

By C. Randolph Lichfield.

I.

Gibberts waved his hand to silence his evil-looking visitor, and starting from his chair, strode towards the door—not that he meant to leave the room, but he was excited. He did not know what to make of the man's statement, for it sounded too good to be true.

Just as he was wheeling away from the door, it opened and Angus Dix entered unannounced. Angus was one of those casual persons who do such things; he was not on the staff, but occasionally wrote "specials," and called in at the office in such unexpected ways. Generally Gibberts—perhaps the worst-tempered man in Fleet Street—cursed him as an interrupter, but now he greeted him as a heaven-sent friend.

"The very man!" he cried boisterously, swinging round and gripping him by the arm. "Dix, d'you want fame for yourself and the paper? I can offer you the chance."

"Not particularly," Angus rejoined. "As you know, I'm not ambitious."

"Then you ought to be!" Gibberts declared, blinking, and dropped his voice to an impressive undertone. "Dix, I believe we've found Ongle!"

"Ongle?" repeated Angus, actually not recalling the name at the moment.

"Good—yes, Ongle! Don't pretend you don't know, when the paper's been running him to death and baiting the police about him for weeks past!"

"Oh—the wife-killer."

"And a score of other things as bad. Listen. This man, here declares he saw

—"When was it, then, you saw this man?" demanded Angus, his tone and manner denoting his rising interest.

[Page 148, col. 1.]

Ongle in the East End last night, and naturally he wants to rake in the reward we've offered for information. He knew Ongle in Liverpool three years ago, and swears he can't be mistaken. Well, now, Dix, it's up to you to go along and see if you can take him. Don't grin; I mean it seriously. It just appeals to you. Catch him and make him talk, what? Wring a confession from him.

"What a scoop, eh? Think of it! What a rattling for the police after all their excuses and talk! What a triumphant justification of the slanging we have given them! *Our own man takes Ongle!* See what a thing it would be? Get him and hold him till he confesses. Worth trying! Remind him that he's bound to be hanged whether he confesses or not, and if he consents we'll pledge ourselves to pay a hundred pounds to anyone he names, that is, for a full account of all his crimes. When we've got it in the Press, we'll hand him to the police with our compliments! Don't look so sour; it must appeal to you, who love adventure."

"I might remark," said Angus with discouraging phlegm, "that when the weather's bad I'm painfully reminded of the mauling I received from a lion in East Africa, Mr. Gibberts, and from what I know about Ongle—I'd prefer a lion."

"Nonsense! You'd have to proceed with caution, but—*you're* not afraid?"

"Not afraid, perhaps," murmured Angus, and looked at the shabby, dirty little man who sat, uncomfortably, near Gibberts' desk. "It sounds sporting, but how many people have declared they've seen Ongle!"

"Ah, but they've all claimed to have seen somebody exactly like him; this man says he recognised him despite his disfigurement. He's got a hideous gash across his nose and cheek, and it's my belief he probably did it himself as a partial disguise, and is in hiding till it looks like an old wound."

"That sounds a bit like Ongle, doesn't it?" exclaimed Angus, waking from his indifference. "By Jove! I'd like to get him. I haven't forgotten the police summoned me last year about a dog license before the pup was six months old. I owe them one as a body for that. Where d'you think you saw Ongle?" he asked sharply, crossing the room.

The little, nervous man started up from his seat, holding his battered hat in his hand.

"Know Reston's Wharf?" he asked in a breathless voice. "Down Victoria Docks way, it is. Then it's 'ard to tell you. But I

could show you, an' I ain't mistaken. I met 'im face to face as 'e was skulkin' along. But 'e didn't know me, the light bein' be'ind me an' on 'im, you understand. I'll swear it was Ongle. I was real scared for the minute, fearin' 'e'd see I knew 'im an' 'e'd dot me one.

"Far's I could make out 'e slipped into Reston's, an' 'e could be 'idin' there, as I told this other gen'leman, for Reston's is empty. It's bin sold some time to come down, only the parties that's bought it don't start till the spring. I'm sure 'e's 'idin' there. If you won't take my word for it, gents, I'm goin' to the p'lice, to see w'at they'll give me."

"If he's in hiding like that," said Angus, smoothing his sleek black hair and turning to Gibberts, "how's he getting food and so on?"

"No saying—unless, perhaps, his mother's helping him," Gibberts returned. "There was someone who said he had a mother with a different name. Police tried to find her, I remember."

"When was it, then, you saw this man?" demanded Angus, his tone and manner denoting his rising interest. "Last night?"

"Larst night. 'E wouldn't dare put out 'is nose except by night, an' that's pretty risky till the scar's 'ealed. It's a narsty scar, an' as it 'eals it's boun' to draw 'is nose aside a bit, an' make a lot o' difference to 'is looks."

"Well, see here. You be outside the Stag and Crown, near the London Hospital, at eleven o'clock to-night. You'll know me because I shall speak to you. I shall say 'Where's that tanner?' Understand? Here it is, and don't get drunk on it. That's all you'll have if you breathe a word about this matter to a living soul."

Deaf to all appeals to "make the tanner a bob," Angus dismissed the man.

"What d'you think?" Gibberts demanded as the door shut.

"He's telling the truth as far as he knows it, I believe," smiled Angus. "He hasn't the intelligence or courage necessary to concoct such a yarn. The trouble is he may be mistaken. Well, it's interesting. I'll go back home and make my preparations. I can't stop. Good-bye. I forget what I came about now, but, no matter. Good-bye!"

"'Phone if you want help or anything!" Gibberts called after him.

"I will—if I realise it in time," Angus shouted back with a laugh.

II.

"That's it—w'ere I'm pointin'. I ain't goin' any closer. If 'e come along 'an knew me——"

"All right," said Angus; "you can go. When you hear he's been taken you come to the office and you'll receive the reward. Now get along, and not a word to a soul."

When the man had gone, stealing away timidly in the blackest shadows of the narrow, deserted alley, Angus crouched down on his haunches and looked at the outline of Reston's against the glow in the lowering sky.

It was not a big building of its kind, and stood somewhat isolated by a considerable space of enclosed wharf around. It seemed a very likely place for such a man as Ongle to hide in; a maze of narrow little streets, grimly dark and evil-smelling, lay on one side, and on the other was the river, offering numerous chances of escape by night to an active, strong man.

Angus drew into the shadow of a gateway, and pulled a pair of light rubbers over his boots, then, almost silent-footed, he crossed the cobbled road and approached the wall of Reston's Wharf.

Because he was by natural bent a hunter, the fact that the man he sought might be nowhere in the neighbourhood did not incline him to be incautious nor take the sawedge off his interest. Just as a man treads gently in the jungle where some monstrous tiger may lie hid, Angus squeezed himself between the jambs of the broken gates and stepped into the dark yard where Ongle—almost as dangerous and inhuman as a man-eater—might be hiding. He stood, back to the gates, his right hand on the revolver in the pocket of his shabby jacket, while with the other hand he slightly loosened the red "choker" round his throat; he had assumed the apparel of an East End loafer so as to be an inconspicuous figure in the streets.

For a while he waited, standing tensely, watching—listening for signs or sound of movement in the wide expanse of wharf. But there were none.

Bent peeringly, he stole in a wandering way about the yard, hunting among the shadows—reconnoitring. The place was desolate, except for a heap of rubbish he surveyed very carefully.

Reaching the warehouse he went round it stealthily, and thus, satisfied that if Ongle were anywhere at the wharf he was within the building, he accepted the first unbarred window he came to as an ingress, and climbed in gingerly.

Before him yawned darkness, compared with which the blackest shadows of the yard were as dim twilight, and the air was dank and heavy. But gradually he was able to descry vaguely the outline of other windows, and to form an impression of the extent of the chamber he was in. It seemed to cover about one-half of the floor space of the building.

Possibly in some corner Ongle was lying brooding or asleep—or sitting up alert and alarmed, thinking he heard a sound—though perhaps, more probably, he would have sought refuge on the floor above, if there were any means of ascending.

He stood motionless awhile, bating his breath; not hearing or imagining he heard any sound at all, he stole on, skirting the chamber, groping, peering down and ahead into the darkness, his left hand on the wall, his right hand on the weapon in his pocket.

An endless time it seemed, so cautiously did he proceed; he searched the ground floor of the warehouse, and found nothing except a heap of rusty chains and an iron stairway that wound up to the floor above; then all at once, startlingly, a short, sharp noise impinged upon his ears, and sent a thrill through him. It was on the boarded floor above, as of something small but weighty dropped—a penny, or a pipe, a pocket-knife, perhaps—some such small thing certainly.

Drawing a deep breath, he moved smoothly to the iron staircase and peered up, but could see nothing, and, turning up his waistcoat, he uncoiled the lariat that was tied around his waist. It was a little worn, for many a bucking steed or bolting steer had it roped in, but it was strong enough to tie up half-a-dozen Ongles.

Angus looped it over his left shoulder, and taking the revolver from his pocket, he tried the bottom stair. It was firm under his foot, even when he put his whole weight upon it, and so he mounted the next, leaning forward with his left hand on a stair above.

Out of the pitch black darkness around him he became aware that there was a square of lesser darkness above. The difference was so slight he doubted it at first, but as he mounted step after step he realised that there was a dim, shaded light somewhere above, and he bent his head so low that his face almost brushed the edge of each stair.

As his upturned eyes saw the lines of the floor he raised his head slightly and looked.

Was it Ongle?

In the far distance, beyond a gloom so deep Angus marvelled that he had detected any signs of it, a light was burning oddly—a weak night-light or candle set within a large box—perhaps a tin-lined tea-chest, whose open end was close to the wall, so that only very little light escaped around; crouched close, as though to catch the precious glow, a man lay, only his face and shoulders vaguely lighted. He was so far away, and the light so mysteriously dim, Angus could not recognise him with certainty, but he detected a line across the big, bearded face, that might be the scar the informer had mentioned, and there was no doubt in his mind that the man was Ongle.

Angus shrank back and reflected. If he had been hunting a tiger he would have known just what to do, for his weapon would have been loaded, but because one cannot shoot even a notorious murderer at sight, and a loaded revolver is a very nasty thing to have suddenly turned on you in the hands of a desperate man, Angus had not loaded it; he simply carried it to "bluff." And, considering the situation from every point of view, it seemed to him he could not do better than try to take Ongle by surprise while his eyes were dazzled.

So, bracing himself quietly, he crept up.

Ongle lay quite still, quite unsuspecting, apparently reading a tattered newspaper.

With cat-like steps Angus approached noiselessly, but he felt more excited than he liked, and he mistrusted himself a little in consequence.

He was half across the building when Ongle stirred. Coming to the end of what he had been reading, he turned the paper over, and at the same time raised himself slightly, and threw a casual glance in Angus' direction.

Arrested in a cautious step, Angus paused and caught his breath for a moment of painful indecision. He was not near enough to the light to make effective display of his weapon or to rush on the man before he could scramble to his feet, and though it was imaginable that the privations Ongle had been through must have impaired his strength, he was a burly, formidable brute.

Peering anxiously, however, Angus saw the man's face harden and his neck stiffen, and divining that something about him—perhaps the revolver had gleamed faintly in the glow—betrayed his presence, he rushed forward.

"Stay down, Ongle, or I shoot!" he cried loudly.

Ongle squirmed, and, drawing up his legs, started to get up. But he made the mistake

of trying to extinguish the light at the same time, and he was not erect when Angus leapt upon him and bore him down.

The advantage of agility was all with Angus. As they crashed to the floor he wound his left arm round Ongle's neck, and jabbed the muzzle of the revolver under his ear.

"Don't shoot!" gasped the man in a strangled voice, scarcely resisting. "Let me up—you've got me! Let me up!"

"Yes, I've got you," snarled Angus, "and I've only got to fire once to fetch a dozen men up here. But I want to talk first. Keep still!"

A vice-like grip closed upon his right wrist, and as the weapon was forced away, Ongle struggled upon his feet, raising Angus into the air as he did so.

"One of us—has got the other," he panted, and, ducking quickly, tried to throw Angus over his shoulder. But the effort failed, for Angus clasped him at the hips with his knees, and sticking to him like a burr, wrenched his right arm free, and struck him sharply on the head with the revolver.

It was not a viciously heavy blow, but Ongle tottered weakly for a moment, and Angus almost bore him down again. He saved himself, however, and, bending back, threw Angus against the wall, at the same time trying to reach him over his shoulders.

A short groan, like a hollow cough, broke from Angus as his lithe body came into contact with the wall under the pressure of the man's broad shoulders, and with more power to his arm and more malice in his intention, he struck the murderer again upon the head with the revolver.

Ongle plunged forward a pace, then dropped upon his hands and knees, holding his head low, dazed, though not stunned. Slipping from him as he sank, Angus tripped him on his face and quickly whipped his ankles together with the lariat, and then, before he could resist, turned him upon his back and lashed his hands.

It was done; he had got Ongle, and it had really been astonishingly easy.

He stepped back, and, drawing a few deep breaths, brushed the sweat from his face, while Ongle spluttered with impotent passion.

"It's no good going on like that," declared Angus in a threatening tone. "I've got you. But before I hand you over to the police I want to talk. I want——"

A torrent of meaningless oaths and filthy abuse interrupted him, and, pausing till it should subside, he turned the tea-chest round so that the candle-light poured out fully upon the struggling man, and sat down to rest.

For some minutes Ongle, his white, thinly-bearded face, with its half-healed scar, convulsed into a hideous mask, writhed and strained at the cords, groaning and spitting curses.

But at length his efforts to free himself subsided, and he fell back, utterly exhausted.

Angus rose, and, dragging him to the wall, propped him up in a sitting posture.

"Now, listen to me, James Ongle," he said, and sitting down bandy-legged upon the floor in the light of the candle, took out a pocket-book and pencil to make notes. "I suppose you don't dispute that you are Ongle? It would be sheer waste of breath, and you can talk to greater advantage than that, for if you will give me a good account of your career for me to publish in my newspaper, we will pay a hundred pounds to any living person you care to name."

Ongle's blood-shot eyes glared at him with a murderous light, and the pale, snarling lips muttered something Angus did not catch.

"It can't injure you, but it will enable you to benefit anybody you might think of to the extent of one hundred pounds. Surely even you must know of somebody to whom you would like to leave a hundred pounds? That's what it means; you've come to the end—you've got to face death; there's no hope for you; no denials, no lawyers—nothing can save you. And you can earn a hundred pounds by talking a little before I hand you over to the police, and the money shall be paid to whoever you name. Haven't you got an old mother somewhere?—and staring death in the face, don't you feel you'd like to do her a good turn? Think what a hundred pounds would be to her! She must be getting on in life—perhaps infirm.

"Well, it doesn't seem much good talking to you in that strain. But there's another way of looking at it. It is such an offer as I don't suppose was ever made before to a murderer. It would be something for a murderer in your position to be proud of—to be able to leave your old mother a cool hundred pounds."

Angus was puzzled by the man's change of expression. It was still savagely malignant, but its darkness seemed relieved by a faint glint of humour, and the thick lips twitched with something very like a smile. It caused Angus to glance round uneasily, and instantly he started to his feet and caught up

"Are you his mother?" inquired Angus. . . . "Yes, I am!" she flamed defiantly, with a menacing gesture, as she flung one side of her shawl back over her shoulder. "An' I don't care who knows it, neither!" [Page 154, col. 1.]

his revolver from the floor, vaguely descrying a shawl-wrapped head and shoulders protruding through the opening above the iron stairway in the distant corner.

It was a woman, and, as he moved, she ascended quickly into full view. Just for a moment she paused, a small, shabby figure, with a face so white and strained it seemed to glow in the gloom; then she shuffled forward agitatedly.

"Jim!" she cried in a choked voice, looking past Angus to his prisoner. "You 'aven't never let yourself be taken? Oh!"

"Are you his mother?" inquired Angus, feeling a deep pity for her, but barring her way. "If you are, your arrival——"

"Yes, I am!" she flamed defiantly, with a menacing gesture, as she flung one side of her shawl back over her shoulder. "An' I don't care who knows it, neither! Oh, Jim, 'ow *did* it 'appen—'owever *did* it 'appen?"

"'It 'im, mother!" commanded Ongle, his voice hoarse with passion.

"Lor'!" she cried despairingly, bursting into tears. "'Ow can I 'it 'im, Jim?"

"Of course you can't," said Angus gently. "And it could only make bad worse. This was bound to happen to him sooner or later. And I was trying to tell him how he could give you a hundred pounds, which surely would be most useful to you. What have you under your shawl? Food?"

"Yes, food!" she retorted wildly, flinging away. "Think 'is mother'd let 'im starve? Make a crime of that, wouldn't you? An' me 'is mother!"

"'It 'im, you fool!" shouted Ongle, struggling to get free. "Snatch that shooter from 'im! Do 'im in!"

She swung aside and dumped upon the tea-chest a loaf of bread and a tin of salmon, as if she was minded to attempt to carry out the order. But Angus stepped quickly after her, intimidating her with the revolver

"Listen to me," he said sternly. "However sorry I may be for you, for your son there can be neither pity nor hope in this world. He cannot save himself, but he can help you. If he will give me a full account of his crimes before I hand him over to the police, the proprietors of the newspaper I represent will pay to you or anybody else he names, *one hundred pounds*. You can have the money to-morrow; he has only got to speak. Think!—a hundred pounds! Look here!—if you like, if you can persuade him as soon as I've got the particulars I want, I'll take you straight along to the office and arrange for you to have the money at once—*one hundred pounds!*"

Her pinched, white face had straightened with an expression of eagerness and wonder, and into dark-ringed eyes had come the glint of hope incredulous.

"'Undred pounds?" she muttered breathlessly. "For me?"

"Yes," said Angus emphatically. "And it cannot injure him at all."

Her lips muttered the words again, but dumbly this time, and she looked askance appealingly at her son. Then suddenly she snatched up the tin of salmon, and felled the tempter with it.

III.

In some place of utter stillness and utter darkness, Angus returned to consciousness, and it was not pleasant. His head throbbed distressingly, his limbs were stiff with cramp, and there was an acute pain in his left ribs, as if he had been kicked. Then he remembered, and struck a match.

He was alone, and his lariat lay tangled beside him, cut in many places, and a little way off was the tin of salmon.

Giddily he made his way to the iron stairway, and descended. Like an intoxicated thief, he stole away from Reston's Wharf, and wound his way through the maze of dark little alleys, and slouched westward along the main street.

Gaining the office, he shuffled up the never-ending stairs, and entered Gibberts' room.

"Well?" shouted Gibberts, starting up excitedly, and brushing aside a couple of tousle-haired young men in shirt-sleeves, "what happened? What the blazes happened to you, Dix?"

"I met his mother," said Angus with a wan smile, sinking limply into a chair. "I struck the 'human note' of the story, Gibberts, and—it hit back with a tin of salmon."

Gibberts clawed the air.

"Then it's right—you've lost him!" he cried wildly. "I guessed it—was afraid it was so when they 'phoned just now that a police-boat had picked Ongle out of the river. Mother of Moses, what a let down!"

"Picked him—— Oh!"

"Have you *anything* to print?"

"Not a line," answered Angus, with a weak but whimsical smile. "I tell you, his mother was there, and she thought she'd rather give her boy a chance than take a hundred pounds. Give me your hand, and feel this lump."

NO SALE FOR ANTIQUES.

The blue-chinned gentleman with the faded astrachan-collared overcoat having nothing better to do, strolled into the free exhibition, and a smart attendant politely asked the visitor if he would care to leave his outer garment in the cloak-room.

"How much?" asked the blue-chinned one, throwing off his pre-occupied air.

"Twopence," was the reply, and the overcoat was rapidly pushed across the counter.

"Here's your ticket" said the attendant.

"What's that for?" asked the visitor.

"To identify your coat when you come back for it."

"Come back for it!" exclaimed the blue-chinned gentleman with deep disappointment in his voice. "I thought you were buying it."

• • •

THEIR ONLY CHANCE.

HE (reflectively): "I wonder why three-fourths of the shorthand-writers in business offices are women?"

SHE (emphatically): "That's clear to anybody. It's because men like to feel that there is at least one class of women to whom they can dictate."

IN CHARGE OF INDIA.

A boy the other day applied for work at a shed where his three brothers had worked before they had enlisted. The manager, a thorough patriot, told the lad that he could find him work at once, and then asked

"How's your brother Frank going on?"

"E's out at the front, sir, fighting."

"Is Albert out in France as well?"

"Yes, sir. 'E's wi' our Frank—same regiment."

"Your eldest brother, Jack, will be there also, I reckon?"

"No," said the lad, with a proud shake of the head. "Our Jack hasn't gone to France yet. 'E's mindin' India."

• • • • •

SPLIT THE DIFFERENCE.

It was at a theatre in Manchester. The king, aged and infirm, was blessed with two sons. He was pacing up and down the stage with a wearied, troubled look, exclaiming aloud:

"On which of these my sons shall I bestow my crown?"

Immediately came a voice from the gallery:

"Why not 'arf-a-crown apiece, guv'nor?"

• • •

KEEN ON HIS CUSTOM.

Outside one of the recruiting depôts in a large town a sergeant saw a smart young milkman, and thinking to get a fresh recruit said:

"Young man, would you like to serve the King?"

"Rather!" said the milkman eagerly. "How much does he want? A quart?"

***MOTHER:* "Molly, have you washed your hands ready for dinner?"**

***MOLLY:* "No, mother. You know I'm a kitten now, and kittens only lick their hands."**

: THE SHIPPING ORDER :

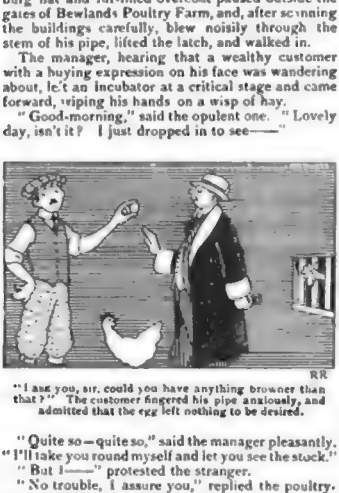
The Story of a Foul Misunderstanding.

By Scudamore Jarvis.

The opulent-looking gentleman in the grey Homburg hat and fur-lined overcoat paused outside the gates of Bewlands Poultry Farm, and, after scanning the buildings carefully, blew noisily through the stem of his pipe, lifted the latch, and walked in.

The manager, hearing that a wealthy customer with a buying expression on his face was wandering about, left an incubator at a critical stage and came forward, wiping his hands on a wisp of hay.

"Good-morning," said the opulent one. "Lovely day, isn't it? I just dropped in to see——"



"I ask you, sir, could you have anything browner than that?" The customer fingered his pipe anxiously, and admitted that the egg left nothing to be desired.

"Quite so—quite so," said the manager pleasantly. "I'll take you round myself and let you see the stock."

"But I——" protested the stranger.

"No trouble, I assure you," replied the poultryman. "We like our customers to see our farm so that they can note our up-to-date methods. Here we have some white Wyandottes bred from the XYZ No. 1 pen of 360 egg strain. As winter layers I can assure you that they cannot be beaten. We could let you have March pullets from this pen at the ridiculous figure of six-and-six a bird, and you could then be certain of a supply of eggs throughout November and December."

The stranger inspected the pen carefully, but apparently did not see what he required, so the manager tactfully led him away.

"Here's a nice little lot of buff Orpingtons—they lay big brown eggs, are first-class table birds, but they go broody *too* often. Yes—yes, of course it is a nuisance, I grant you, but they lay beautiful brown eggs. You like a brown egg, I suppose?"

The stranger admitted that, though he was aware it made no difference to the inside, he had a weakness for a dark brown shell—the darker the better.

"Ha! then I can fix you up," exclaimed the manager with a burst of enthusiasm. "Come here, sir. Look at these—the Croad Langshans of Eastern origin. A fine strain, sir, fine, and their eggs are as brown as a berry. Here's a specimen. I ask you, sir, could you have anything browner than that?"

The customer fingered his pipe anxiously, and admitted that the egg left nothing to be desired as far as outward appearances went, but he still seemed dissatisfied.

"Their feathers are——" he began.

"Ah! I see what you want, sir," burst out the manager. "You've got a weakness for the feathered leg strain, and I can quite understand it. I must admit I like to see it myself. Now, look here, sir—Cochins—the old Cochins, with enough feathers on their legs to stuff a sofa cushion."

But the opulent one had moved on to the next pen. The poultryman followed and found him regarding a game cock with an approving eye.

"Ha, sir—sly dog, sly dog!" he said, with a wink. "I thought you were leading up to something like this. Old English game, eh? I understand, sir, of course, and you needn't be afraid of what you say to me, as I do a bit myself. The oldest sport in existence. That bird, sir," and he whispered confidentially, "has won six fights—game to the last feather—and I'll let you have a cockerel by him for 25s., and guarantee him to fight anything. I've a name, sir, for selling reliable fighting cocks, but I don't mention it in my catalogue for obvious reasons." But the stranger's interest in game birds had waned, and he was therefore led away to look at a promising batch of eight-day-old chicks.

"Well, what can I do for you?" asked the manager at length in despair. "A fifty-egg incubator complete for £3 10s., a pen of cross-breds for table purposes, a pair of pouter pigeons, or a good yard dog? What's that, sir?"

"Ha—at last," said the stranger, with a sigh of relief. "At last I've found what I came for."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

The opulent one held up a large feather with a triumphant expression on his face, and thrust it down the stem of his pipe.

The opulent one held up a large feather with a triumphant expression on his face, and thrust it down the stem of his pipe.

"I'm extremely obliged to you. I only came to ask for a feather to clean my pipe with, and now I have a beauty. Good-morning," and he shut the gate behind him with a clang.

A HEN THAT WILL LAY—

Fix your eyes intently on the black egg for 20 to 30 seconds——

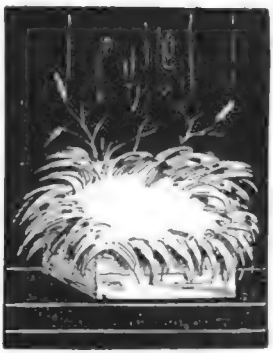
OUT WITH THE GUILLOTINES!

An Irishman in France had been challenged to a duel.

"Sure," he cried, "we'll fight with shillelaghs."

"That won't do," said his second; "as the challenged party you have the right to choose the weapons, but chivalry demands that you should decide upon a weapon with which Frenchmen are familiar."

"Is that so?" said the generous Irishman. "Then we'll fight it out with guillotines."



——EGGS TO ORDER.

——then transfer your gaze to the nest, and a beautiful white egg will appear therein.

:: ASKING PAPA. ::

"Reverend sir, I'm in love with your daughter"—
"Youth, you have *not* my permission to court her!"

"Sir, she's the love of my innocent life!"—
"Boy, you can go somewhere else for a wife."

"I've been her slave since the first day I met her!"—
"Boy, in a year-and-a-half you'll forget her."

"If you refuse, of despair I shall die!"—
"Youth, I don't wish to be rude, but you lie."

"Blight her affections, harsh sire, if you dare!"—
"Let 'em be blighted! I really don't care."

"See how with grief the rose fades from her cheek!"—
"Let her take cod-liver-oil for a week!"

"Hark how she sobs! Aren't you melted by that?"—
"Boy, she's the same when she wants a new hat."

"Sir, I would cherish her, love, and adore"—
"Youth, I shall see that she meets you no more."

"Sir, I entreat, ere you give your decision,
That you consider my father's provision!"

"Ah!—very well, you may speak if you care to,
Tell me, how much you expect to be heir to?"

"Sir, my papa will allow me, I fear,
Only a paltry five thousand a year;

"Still, what I make will increase it to seven"—
"Take her, my boy!! Bless you both—and thank Heaven!"

Valentine Fane.

THE ONLY DRAWBACK.

"A comfortable little room, this," said the pompous and corpulent man who was standing with his back to the fireplace in the commercial room of a country hotel, thus obscuring the fire from the view of everyone else.

"Quite comfortable," agreed one of the company present. "It would be pleasanter, though, if it hadn't such an ugly fire-screen."

THE CANDID CRITIC: "That ain't the way to spell 'Porpoise,' mate. Remember, it be a boat you're naming, not a cat's-meat barrer."

THE IMPOSSIBLE FEAT.

The schoolmaster was explaining the circulation of the blood.

"If I were to stand on my head the blood would rush to my head, wouldn't it?"

No one contradicted.

"Now," he continued, "when I stand on my feet, why doesn't it rush to my feet?"

"Because," the bright boy suggested, "your feet ain't empty."

REPORTED MISSING.

MANAGER: "What's the leading lady in such a tantrum about?"

PRESS AGENT: "She only got nine bouquets over the footlights to-night."

MANAGER: "Great Scott! Ain't that enough?"

PRESS AGENT: "No. She paid for ten."

• • • •

AS GOOD AS NEW.

A general, on his return from the wars, showed his family a regimental flag, tattered, torn and riddled with bullets, which he had personally captured from the enemy. On the following morning the trophy was to be presented to the commander-in-chief. When he called for the flag his industrious wife brought it to him smilingly and, presenting it to him with a look of proud satisfaction, said

"James, I sat up all night and mended the flag, and now—see! it looks almost as good as new!"

• • • • •

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

MOTHER (to small boy misbehaving at table): "Now, Tommy, why can't you be good?"

TOMMY: "I'll be good for a penny."

MOTHER: "Ah! you want to be bribed. Why can't you be like your father and be good for nothing?"

THE STRIKE MANIA SPREADS.

CHORUS OF COWS: "It's no use arguing: we've struck!"

WHERE HE CAME IN.

"I am much bothered," he said; "I can marry a wealthy widow whom I don't love or a poor girl whom I do love intensely. What shall I do?"

"Listen to your heart," advised his companion, "and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend, I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"

• • • • •

AN ARMY CONTRACT.

A Herculean soldier, arriving at Liverpool by rail, somewhat travel-stained, was passing along Lime Street, when he stopped and called on a street arab to shine his boots. His feet were in proportion to his height, and looking at the tremendous boots before him, the boy knelt down on the pavement and, hailing a companion near by, exclaimed:

"Billie, come o'er and gie's a hand; I've got an army contract."

• • •

HUSH MONEY.

He was always boasting about his ancestors, and one day employed a genealogist to hunt up his family tree. In due time the connoisseur of pedigrees returned and was cordially received by his patron.

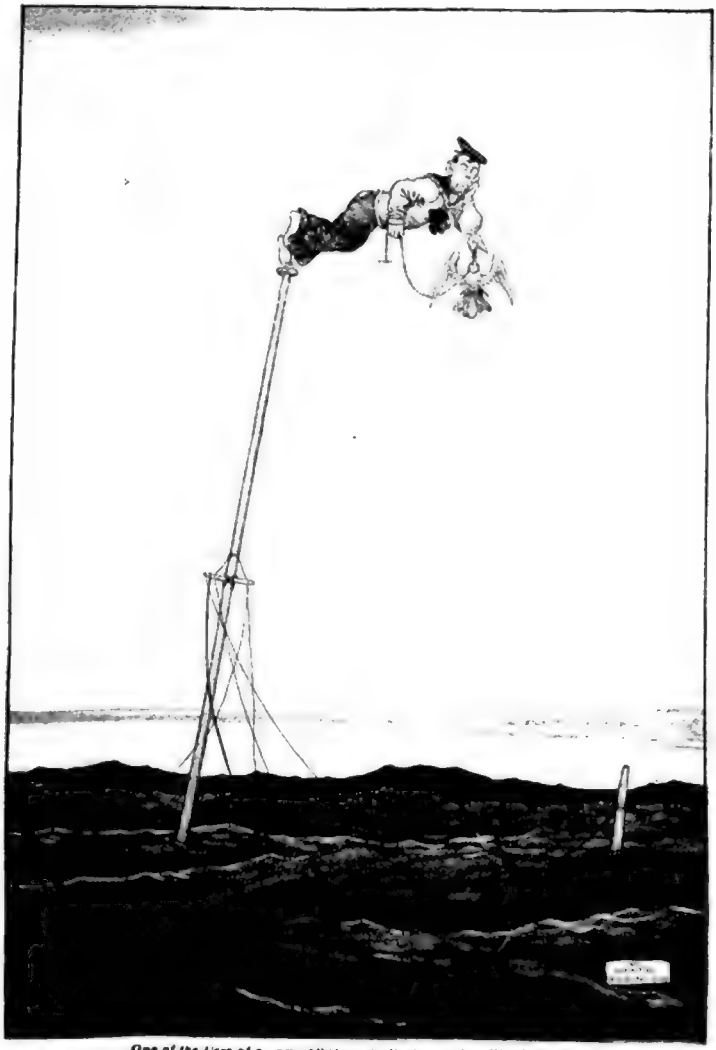
"So you have succeeded in tracing back my ancestors? What is your fee?"

"Forty pounds."

"Isn't that high?" objected the other. "What's it for?"

"Principally," responded the genealogist, "for keeping quiet about them."

SMALL BOY (frantically): "P-p-please, sir, 'ave you lost a dog?"



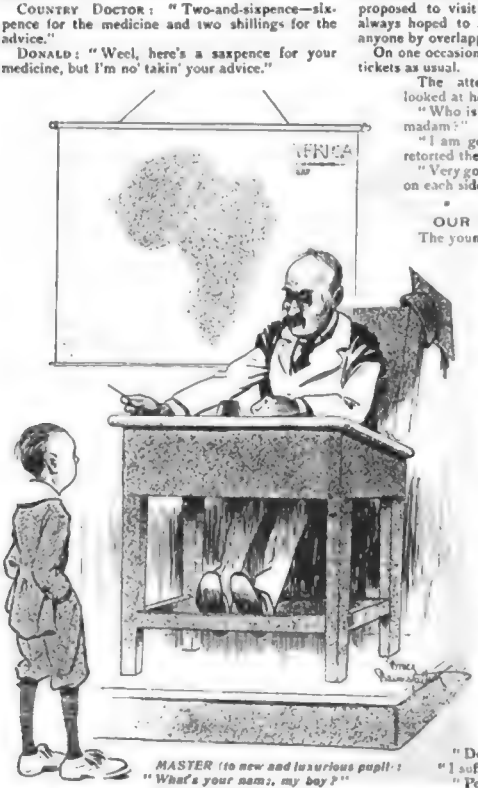
One of the Uses of a Tame Albatross to Mariners when Wrecked at Sea.

FOR VALUE RECEIVED.

DONALD (to country doctor): "How much will that be?"

COUNTRY DOCTOR: "Two-and-sixpence—sixpence for the medicine and two shillings for the advice."

DONALD: "Weel, here's a saxpence for your medicine, but I'm no' takin' your advice."



MASTER (to new and luxurious pupil): "What's your name, my boy?"
PUPIL: "Perkins."
MASTER: "What else should you say when addressing me?"
PUPIL (after some thought): "Master Perkins."

A SHILLING DID IT.

A young woman with a party of Americans going through the parks and gardens of Warwick Castle lingered behind to admire the gorgeous peacocks strutting about.

"Do these birds ever drop any of their tail feathers?" she asked of a gardener who stood by.

He looked around, lowered his voice and replied: "They're hobstinate beasts, miss, but they drops 'em heasy at the sight of a shillin'."

THE SEATS OF THE MIGHTY!

A very stout lady with a considerate nature had cultivated the habit of booking two seats when she proposed to visit a theatre. In this manner she always hoped to sit in comfort without annoying anyone by overlapping.

On one occasion she handed an attendant her two tickets as usual.

The attendant scrutinised them, then looked at her.

"Who is going to occupy the other seat, madam?"

"I am going to occupy them both, sir!" retorted the lady indignantly.

"Very good, madam; but the seats are one on each side of the gangway!"

* * * * *

OUR PERVERSE CLIMATE.

The young man who did the weather forecasts on a small newspaper had made so many appalling mistakes that his predictions were a standing joke in the town. At last his life became unbearable, and he applied to headquarters for a transfer to another town.

In the correspondence that ensued he was asked why he wanted a transfer.

"Because," he replied promptly, "the climate does not agree with me."

* * *

BUSINESS AS USUAL.

A talkative young lady was once taken in to dinner by a wealthy and taciturn manufacturer, whom she was anxious to propitiate. Her attempts at conversation, however, met with little response. Having exhausted nearly every conceivable subject, she broached that of music.

"Do you like Beethoven's works?" she inquired brightly.

"Never visited them," he replied shortly. "What line is he in?"

* * *

INDISPUTABLE.

"Doctor!" said the lady patient, "I suffer a great deal with my eyes."

"Perhaps so, madam," replied the brusque old M.D.; "but you would probably suffer a great deal more without 'em."

* * * *

THEY DESERVED ALL THEY GOT.

A sturdy little Lancashire lad went to a recruiting station to enlist. The officer told him he was too small and too young.

"Can't you find me some job in the Army what I am big enough for?" inquired the lad anxiously.

"No, I can't, I'm sorry to say," replied the officer.

"Well, don't blame me if th' bloomin' Germans lick th' lot of you; that's all!" said the boy as he turned away.

THE LAST SET! ENTER NOW, OR YOU WILL BE TOO LATE!

£1,000 IN CASH

OFFERED IN OUR

GREAT PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

FIRST PRIZE: £500.

SECOND PRIZE £200 THIRD PRIZE £100 FOURTH PRIZE £50

Ten Prizes of £5 Pathéphones (with records), One Hundred Prizes of £1 each.

HOW TO ENTER THE CONTEST TO-DAY.

The first 132 pictures appeared in the "Royal Magazine" for July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February, March, April, and May. Copies of all the numbers except July may be obtained through any newsagent for 4½d. each (December Number 6d.), or the ten numbers and a set of the July pictures will be sent post free, inland and Canada, for 4s. 6d., abroad 5s. 10d., from the Publisher, "Royal Magazine," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. The Publisher can also supply a complete reprint of all the pictures for 4s., post free.

ON the following page you will find a set of twelve pictures representing the names of railway stations which have been selected by the Editor. Competitors are required to write clearly in ink beneath each picture the name of the station they believe it represents, and fill in their names and addresses in the space provided. These prizes are offered to the readers who discover the names of the railway stations represented under the conditions below.

DATE FOR SENDING IN ATTEMPTS:

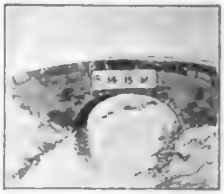
In order to allow our oversea readers to participate, we are allowing three months to elapse between the publication of this final set of Picture Puzzles and the closing date. *All solutions must reach this office not later than first post on Monday, August 23rd, 1915. Please read the conditions very carefully before sending in your attempts.*

CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

1. Write the name of each station clearly in ink. One name only is allowed under each picture.
2. No alterations may be made in the names. If you have made a mistake, cross out the word and write it afresh.
3. When you have filled up the twelve lists comprising Picture Puzzles, numbers 1—132, which appeared in THE ROYAL from July, 1914, to June, 1915, inclusive, cut them out and fill in the entry form which appears on the next page, then post them to us before the closing date. All sets of pictures are to be addressed to The Editor of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope marked "Picture Puzzles" in the top left-hand corner.
4. Competitors may send in as many complete series of pictures as they please, but each complete series will be judged independently. Sets must be fastened together in the top left-hand corner. Each page of each set must bear the name and address of the competitor.
5. The prize of £500 will be paid to the competitor from whom the Editor receives, on or before Monday, August 23rd, 1915, a complete series of pictures with all the names correct of the actual stations as represented by the artist. If no competitor sends in a correct list the prize of £500 will go to the sender of the most nearly correct list. In the event of ties the prizes will be divided.
6. The Editor of the ROYAL will not be responsible for the loss or non-delivery of any attempt, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt or delivery.
7. No member of the staff of the ROYAL MAGAZINE may enter for this competition.
8. Only the names of railway stations found in Pearson's List of Railway Stations will be admitted. This list is obtainable for 3d. through any newsagent or book-stall, or it will be sent post free for three penny stamps by The Publisher, Room 24, THE ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
9. Competitors must agree to abide by these conditions, and the Editor's decision is in every respect final.

LAST SET OF PICTURE PUZZLES (Nos. 133–144).

133. . .



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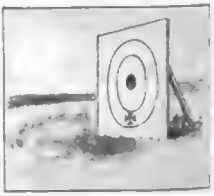

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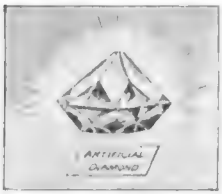

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ENTRY FORM TO BE FILLED UP BY COMPETITORS.

I agree to abide by the conditions of this competition, Nos. 1 to 9, and to accept the Editor's decision published in the ROYAL MAGAZINE *as final and conclusive, and I enter only on this understanding.*

Signed (the signature must be that of the competitor, written in ink) :

... .

Address

.. .

Painting Pierrette

By Dorothy Rose.

"Your feet o'er the full-flowered grasses
Moved soft as a weak wind blows;
You passed me as April passes,
With face made out of a rose."

I.

He saw her first in the little nook at the foot of the Penmorro cliffs where every night "The Storks" dallied with dance and song on a rickety platform lit with scarlet Japanese lanterns. Clement Digby was not a coming artist for nothing, and in his pleasantly Bohemian life at Chelsea he had seen his share of feminine beauty, and kept his heart untouched. But Pansy Pom-Pom—so was she called on the programme—the little slip of a girl with the dark hair waving close to her graceful head, and the softly drooping mouth, set him thrilling to his finger-tips.

It was not her singing—he had heard the same songs sung with far more perfection—it was not her dancing—though that was dainty enough—rather it was the appeal in her great dark eyes, and a certain wistful grace as magnetic as it was indefinable. She wore the usual Pierrette costume—a fluffy white frock with black pom-poms, and shoes and stockings of geranium red. And as he watched her, Digby's square-jawed face relaxed, and he forgot his resolution not to touch a brush for a month in his desire to put this fascinating sprite on canvas.

From that moment he could hardly take his eyes off her; the futile jokes of the "funny man," the amorous warblings of the contralto, a well-developed young person with thick ankles, left him cold. Even the head of the show, Val Cornet, a dark, slight fellow, handsome enough in a flashy, restless way, and the owner of a remarkably good tenor voice, failed to arouse in him any enthusiasm. Only when he noticed a certain air of possession with which Cornet led the little soprano forward after a particularly successful duet, was Digby moved to notice the man. Then his lips tightened, for as Pierrette bowed to the audience her eyes met his full of a dumb pathos which her smiling mouth only served to intensify.

Two days later he made her acquaintance, for Fate drove her, both literally and figuratively, into his arms. He was returning from a dip one morning, his battered Panama on the back of his head, and his towel slung over his shoulder, when, reaching the foot of the unfrequented cliff path which was a short cut to his hotel, he noticed that a boulder had become dislodged and rolled on to the beach, leaving a three-foot drop sheer at the end of the path. Digby commenced to climb up the face of the cliff itself, a not very difficult task to one so surefooted and active.

He had almost gained the path when darting down the cliff came a girl. She wore a white blouse and skirt, short enough to reveal trim white shoes and stockings—he knew her at once—it was Pierrette! For a moment he paused to admire her graceful, flying figure; then he uttered an exclamation as he realised her danger. She was heading straight for that three-foot drop and unless she could pull herself up in time she would fall headlong on to the beach.

"Stop!" he shouted. "You can't get down there!" But even as he called he realised that it was too late—either she did not understand or she could not pull up, for with a startled glance in his direction, she continued her headlong course. There was

only one thing to do and Digby did it. A few seconds and he had scrambled into the path and planted himself full in her way, a good six yards above the dangerous drop. He had a vision of big, startled eyes, and a pretty flushed face as she rushed straight into the arms outstretched to receive her.

He steadied himself quickly. For a moment she clung to him, her face against his grey flannel sleeve; then, recovering herself, she drew away, laughing a little unsteadily.

"I'm so sorry if I frightened you," he said smiling. "But it was the only way, for you were evidently out to beat speed records, and that's a nasty drop." He pointed to the foot of the path. "You'd have come a cropper, I'm afraid."

The girl nodded and gave a little shiver. "I knew you were warning me of something, but I couldn't stop. Thank you ever so much for saving me. I hope I didn't hurt you," she added solicitously.

Artist that he was Digby felt a thrill of pure joy as she raised her eyes to his—eyes of deep pansy brown, soft and velvety, and fringed with long lashes.

"Not a bit," he assured her, the idea of a thistledown thing like her hurting his six foot one of masculinity bringing an amused twinkle to his deep-set eyes. "I think perhaps you'd better sit down—you look a bit shaken."

"I was just going down to bathe," she announced as they sat down on the rocks. "I always have a dip every morning. I'm trying to learn to swim, but I do so hate swallowing pints of ocean."

"It isn't pleasant," Digby admitted, stretching his long flannel-clad figure beside her. "You want someone to help you," he added, mentally resolving that he would be that someone.

"The bathing's glorious here, don't you think?" Pansy propped her rounded chin in her hands and gazed out to sea with soft, admiring eyes. "I love Cornwall. You can't think how glad I am we came here instead of to some pier and promenade place on the south coast."

"You haven't been here before, then?"

"No." Pansy regarded the toe of her white shoe attentively. "You see," she turned to him in a sudden burst of confidence, "this is my first season in—in 'The Storks.' I've seen you several nights at the show, so it's no use pretending I'm not a Pierrette, because I am. So now you know the worst."

"Not a very bad worst, is it?" asked Digby, tilting back his Panama, and turning his already tanned face to the sun. "Or is it possible you don't like being Pansy Pom-Pom?"

"I dislike the life as much as I hate the 'Pom-Pom,'" she declared vehemently. "My name *is* Pansy—Pansy Thorne—and oh! how I loathe it all," she finished with a pout.

"We all feel like that occasionally," said Digby sympathetically. "I get dead sick of painting sometimes, and——"

Pansy, tucking a refractory curl behind her ear, levelled a pair of sparkling eyes at him. "Are you an artist?" she demanded.

"I paint a bit," he admitted.

"You haven't told me your name," she reminded him.

He repaired the omission and smiled happily to see that it conveyed nothing to her. Perhaps the knowledge that he was a famous artist would destroy the spontaneity and frankness which made up so much of her charm.

They parted with reluctance on the beach whither he had piloted her.

"I generally bathe about eleven o'clock," he remarked casually as he said good-bye.

"Why, so do I!" she returned, and then they both laughed.

It was eleven o'clock precisely on the following morning when Clement Digby emerged from the bathing machine and splashed swiftly out into the tumbling waves. Pansy was already there, labouring painstakingly at the breast stroke, her crimson-clad figure upheld by Val Cornet, who was visibly amused at her efforts. As Digby approached, his patience had apparently given out, for, helping the girl to her feet, he took a header under an inviting wave and struck out with a graceful side-stroke.

"Just in time to continue the lesson, I hope," said Digby, as Pansy tucked away some tendrils of damp hair under her bewitching crimson silk cap.

"It *would* be good of you," she said gratefully, for the tall muscular figure inspired confidence, and Cornet's tuition was of the spasmodic and quickly-tired order. When he returned from a ten minutes' swim he found a flushed and triumphant Pansy able to do seven strokes without sinking or imbibing any of the Atlantic.

"We'll have another go at it to-morrow," cried Digby cheerily, as Pansy turned shorewards with Val, handsome and swaggering even in his dripping bathing-suit, at her side.

"Thanks ever so!" said Pansy, with an upward glance of her glorious eyes, which atoned to Digby for the somewhat patronising manner in which her companion observed:

"It's awfully good of you, and all that, but we mustn't take up too much of Mr. Digby's time, Pansy, my dear!"

Somehow the artist resented that speech; there was an air of proprietorship about Cornet's attitude to the girl, and a certain shrinking timidity showed in her bearing towards him. Digby resolved to continue the swimming lessons at all costs, if only that he might have an opportunity of persuading her to sit to him for a picture.

He broached the subject two days later when, the lesson over, they hied them to a dairy to feast on junket and cream.

"I'd sell my soul for Cornish cream," declared Pansy with a sigh of utter content.

Digby laughed. She was looking prettier than ever in a pale green linen frock and wide-brimmed hat.

"You may look upon this in the nature of a bribe, then," he said. "The fact is I want you to do me a favour."

"Anything you like!" she promised readily.

"Rash lady!" her companion chided gently. "But it's something you can do quite easily—if you will. I want you to sit for me—Pierrette dress, red silk stockings and all."

Her face fell. "*Must* it be the Pierrette dress?"

"Please!" Digby smiled across the table at her, and Pansy succumbed to the pleading quality of his smile and capitulated gracefully.

Nevertheless, a quick frown furrowed his brow when on the afternoon appointed for the first sitting, Pansy appeared at the studio with Val Cornet as escort.

"Thought I'd just like a word with you about this picture business," he said jauntily, as Pansy took off the long white coat and disclosed her Pierrette frock. "Of course, you're quite welcome to paint Miss Thorne—if the picture's any good it will be a decent advertisement for 'The Storks.' But I certainly think, as I told Pansy just now, that I should have been approached on the matter first."

"Why?" Digby inquired quietly, somehow contriving in his shabby sweater and flannel trousers to be much more impressive than Cornet in his spotless flannels and buckskin boots.

"Well, really, you know"—the young tenor swung his cane a little uneasily, somewhat overawed by the searching gaze directed at him—"after all, it's my troupe. Miss Thorne is in my employ, and I hope that before long we may be even more closely connected," he added, with an amorous glance at Pansy, who stood silent by the window.

"I see." Digby pulled out his easel and began to arrange his paints; his eyes sought those of Pansy in mute question and with a strange sinking at his heart.

"I suppose I ought to have asked you——" began Pansy, coming to Cornet's side, "but——"

"Since Mr. Cornet is so kind as to give permission, there's no more to be said, is there?" broke in Digby in gravely courteous tones, which carried no hint of sarcasm to Cornet's self-satisfied mind.

"Quite so! Quite so!" Cornet found himself accompanied to the door with polite insistence and departed, drowning his mortification by the thought of the fine advertisement it would mean should the picture make anything of a splash.

During the sitting Pansy was strangely subdued and quiet, and there was a furtive, almost apologetic air about her that disturbed Digby considerably. As he sketched in his outlines his mind dwelt on the young tenor's words. What could the "closer connection" of which he spoke mean but that there was at least an understanding between him and Pansy? The idea of her marrying Cornet jarred upon him, for in spite of his good looks there was a coarse streak in him, evident in his flashy attire and loud manners.

At present Digby's objection had no very personal tinge—it arose simply from a conviction that Cornet was not worthy of the girl, and that the engagement—if engagement there was—had brought her more sorrow than happiness.

The picture progressed apace, for Digby was a rapid worker. He painted her perched on a high wooden stool, her graceful head with its pointed cap tilted a little as if she were listening, her red lips curved in a shadowy smile, and a dreamy wistfulness in her great velvety eyes. In her white fluffy dress with its foolish pom-poms, her slim legs in their geranium silk stockings lightly crossed, she was a bewitching little figure.

There came a day when there was no smile at all on Pansy's face, and Digby, fretting for his picture, chided her gently on her gravity.

"I don't want to start saying, 'Look pleasant, please!' like the photographers, but really I do want a smile," he said.

"Think what it'll mean if the picture makes a hit—what an advertisement it will be for you, and 'The Storks.'"

Pansy pouted mutinously. "I hate 'The Storks,'" she declared emphatically.

"Not all of them, surely?" he suggested. "Come now, what about Mr. Cornet?"

Digby could never tell on what impulse he said the words, but he was not prepared for their effect on his sitter, for with a low cry she buried her face in her hands, and he saw by her heaving shoulders that she was crying.

Digby put down his brushes and palette, and quietly busied himself in preparing tea, so that she might have time to recover herself. When all was ready on the little balcony that almost overhung the sea, he stood in the doorway.

"Won't you come and pour out for me?" he begged.

Pansy slid down obediently, and took her place behind the tea-tray. Digby chatted pleasantly, ignoring the trembling of the hand that held the teapot, and the two big tears that splashed into her teacup. Only when, fortified with tea and splits and cream, Pansy had regained her composure, did he ask for enlightenment.

"No one in the world can help me," she said sadly in response to his offers, "but I'd like to tell you all about it. You know I'm not a Pierrette from choice. I wanted to go on the stage, but I had no influence, no one to back me up, and I was reduced to my last penny when I met Mr. Cornet. He offered me a job—he was very kind to me at a time when kindness was very welcome. I was grateful; perhaps he mistook my gratitude for something else—anyway, he pestered me to marry him."

"But he can't make you marry him if you don't want to," put in Digby, as he rose and stood leaning against the rail of the balcony.

Pansy coloured, and toyed nervously with her spoon. "You see—it's so hard to explain—I put off giving him a definite answer because I couldn't bring myself to say yes, and yet if I refuse he will sack me, and I shall never get another engagement. Val knows all the powers that be in the Pierrot world, and he's horribly vindictive."

"He takes it for granted you'll marry him in time, I suppose?" Digby was surprised at the difficulty he found in keeping undue anxiety out of his voice.

"Yes. There's no ring or anything, but—you don't know how awful it is to be out of an engagement, to live in one bare room, to be shabby and even hungry. I used to think I could marry him to escape from that, but now I know that it would be impossible."

And at that Digby's heart leapt with joy, and he knew in a flash that if Pansy had married Cornet all the sunshine would have left his world. A less Quixotic man might have declared his love there and then, but to the artist it seemed meet that he should wait until she had given Cornet his *congé* before asking her to be his wife. For the moment he was quite content to hug this wonderful new happiness to himself in silence.

The gaze he bent on Pansy as she rose and stood beside him had something more than the sympathy of a chivalrous man for a girl in distress. Pansy saw it, and her heart fluttered strangely; she knew with all a woman's intuition that it was a lover who helped her into her long white coat and held her hand in farewell.

"I've promised to go to supper at your hotel to-night," she told him gaily, "with Mr. Cornet. An old friend of his is staying there, and invited us both. Shall I see you at the show?"

"I couldn't keep away," said Digby in a tone which sent Pansy off in a tremor of happiness.

That night at supper Val was in a talkative mood, and his friend, Amos Horne, being also loquacious, Pansy was able to devote respectful attention to an excellent meal, and to waft frequent smiles at Digby, who sat quietly smoking at a table some distance away.

Only when the name of Clement Digby fell upon her ears did she come back from her rosy dreams to take an interest in the conversation.

"Who is he?" Horne was saying to Val as he replenished his glass. "My dear chap, surely you've heard of Clement Digby? He's a coming man in the artistic world—always has two or three pictures in the Academy—makes pots of money, and is the adored of all mammas with marriageable daughters."

"No idea he was such a swell," drawled Val. "That picture ought to be a ripping ad., eh, Pansy?"

"Yes—oh, of course!" Pansy's big eyes were vaguely troubled; her smile was purely mechanical. Digby was a great artist, and she was a Pierrette, a singer of little songs, insignificant, unknown.

"Of course, he had a good start—his people were well-off," pursued Horne.

He painted her perched on a high wooden stool, her graceful head with its pointed cap tilted a little as if she were listening her red lips curved in a shadowy smile. (Page 16, col. 2.)

"He's always mixed in good society, and that means a lot to a man in his profession. All he wants is to make a good match, and his future is assured."

"I dare say he can have his pick of youth and beauty," returned Val carelessly, lighting a cigar. "But, of course, artists are proverbially unpractical, and it's quite possible he'll fall in love with a penniless nobody. What's wrong, Pansy, my dear?" for the girl had pushed away her coffee cup without tasting a drop.

"I don't want any coffee," she murmured. "It—it would choke me."

"Great pity if he does make a foolish marriage," said Horne as they rose from the table. "A man's career is so easily blasted by an unsuitable wife."

"So easily blasted by an unsuitable wife!" The words seemed to burn into Pansy's brain as they sat in the lounge and after on the walk home with Val effusively affectionate at her side.

Was that why he had refrained from speaking that afternoon? Did he, too, realise the gulf that lay between a famous artist and a little Pierrette? Was it perhaps pity that had made his voice so tender, his touch so caressing? Pansy's eyes filled, and a great tear splashed, unseen by her companion, on to her purple cloak. Instinctively she shrank from him as he laid a familiar hand on her shoulder in farewell. She would never marry Val, and now—even if he asked her—she could never marry Digby and be a drag on his genius.

It was midnight when she rose from her knees in her bedroom and closed her trunk. A silver moon glimmered on the tossing waves and stole into the room, illumining her pale face and weary eyes. Opening the window she leant out, a pathetic little figure, her dark hair hanging about her shoulders, and blew a kiss into the night.

It was a kiss of farewell, and it was wafted in the direction of the hotel where Digby was staying.

II.

There was no picture in next year's Academy that excited so much comment as Clement Digby's "Pierrette Ponders." It captivated the public imagination and confirmed the reputation of the artist as one of the foremost of the younger school of painters. Curiosity was rife as to the original, and managers of pierrot troupes made frantic efforts to discover the beautiful model and secure her services, but in vain. Pansy Thorne, once Pansy Pom-Pom of "The Storks," had vanished as completely as if the earth had swallowed her up.

Digby was in despair. The success of his picture brought little satisfaction, for his whole heart cried out for Pansy. Ever since that summer morning when he had learnt that she had left Penmorro, leaving no trace behind her, he had lived in a state of black despair. Not till she had gone did Digby realise how empty and barren life would be without her, and he blamed himself bitterly for not having declared his love on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon when she had opened her heart to him.

It was the end of May when constant anxiety as to her fate, and disappointment at the fruitlessness of his efforts to find her, led Digby to the verge of a breakdown, and sent him, by the doctor's orders, on a sea voyage.

"Three months' complete rest," said the great man, "and, remember, no papers or letters. Cut yourself off from the world and just let yourself drift."

It was early September when Digby, bronzed by the suns of Egypt and Ceylon, returned to his flat at Chelsea. Three months' solitude had given him a desire for gaiety, a desire born rather of the longing to obtain a respite from the dull ache at his heart than from any actual craving for amusement.

He was strolling slowly through a theatre-dotted district before deciding where to seek entertainment when he was pulled up by a huge poster outside *The Débonair*. It represented a Pierrette—a Pierrette perched on a high stool of black wood, with wistful mouth, and eyes made for laughter, which were yet unsmiling. For a moment he stood spellbound; it was as near his own picture as the artist had dared to make it—and underneath there flamed in scarlet letters "'The Girl on the Sands'—Miss Pansy Thorne, the original of the famous picture, 'Pierrette Ponders,' as Pierrette."

Five minutes later he was sitting in the front row of the dress-circle with tense, eager face and heart a-thrill. The first scene was nearly over when she appeared amid a storm of applause that showed she had already captured the heart of the theatre-going public.

As she came down the stage in her short, fluffy frock and vivid red stockings, Digby's mind went back to the little nook at Penmorro, where he had first seen her. She was just the same—a trifle thinner, perhaps, and

with a wistful charm that showed even through the surface gaiety necessary for her part. As he watched her flitting about the stage singing a foolish little song with a fascinating lilt about it, Digby's heart throbbed with joy and contentment.

The performance over, he hastened to the stage-door, and after ten minutes, which seemed to him half-an-hour, he found himself at Pansy's door. She was standing by the dressing-table when he entered. She still wore her Pierrette costume, but the make-up had been removed, and the flush on her cheeks was one of excited anticipation.

"Pansy!" He caught both her hands in his, and she looked up at him with eyes in which apprehension and pleasure struggled for mastery. "Why did you go? What made you do it?" he asked hoarsely.

Pansy faced him bravely, her dark head thrown back, her hands still imprisoned in his.

"I couldn't stay," she whispered. "I couldn't marry Val, and—" her voice broke, and her soft lips trembled pitifully.

"Pansy, didn't you know? Oh, I was a fool not to tell you that afternoon at the studio, but I thought that it was best to wait until you had broken off with Cornet. I loved you then, I love you now, dear. Didn't you ever guess it?"

Pansy nodded, and drawing her hands away stood before him very childish and appealing.

"Yes. That was why I went," she confessed. "I could not trust myself, and I loved you too much to spoil your career. Hush!" as Digby began a protest. "You were a great artist, and I was a poor little Pierrette. I know you wouldn't have owned it, but, oh! don't you see? I had to save you from yourself, so I ran away and hid, living as best I could until the picture brought me fame. The manager of *The Débonair* found me, and—the rest you know."

"Pansy!" He caught both her hands in his. . . . "Why did you go? What made you do it?" he asked hoarsely.

"Silly little child!" said Digby, pity and a great happiness kindling in his grey eyes. "But I love you for it. And now you're a great actress may I be permitted to marry you?" he asked, drawing her into his arms with a humorous smile.

For answer, Pansy leant back in the crook of his arm and raised a blissful face to his.

My Lady Beautiful

I.—HOW TO HAVE LOVELY HAIR.

By Mary Marsh.

Every woman longs to be beautiful, but many fail just through the want of a few practical hints. The following article—the first of a delightful series by a well-known beauty expert—deals with the care of the hair, and lets you into all the little secrets that make for its growth and beauty.

"There is nothing on which the aspirant to beauty is more dependent than a bright, glossy, well-kept head of hair which forms a frame-work that sets off a pretty face as nothing else can ever do," said the Professor of Beauty with emphasis. The girl, taking the remark as a compliment, looked up with a pleased smile.

"The mere possession of a fine head of hair is, however, by no means sufficient," he went on. "If hair is to become a real aid to beauty, it requires regular attention and abundant care; and what is more, it must be carefully arranged in a becoming style that while keeping abreast of the mode is never exaggerated or too much in advance of it."

"Oh! I know that," said the girl. "I always say that quite as many women make a failure through adopting a too elaborate and ultra-fashionable coiffure as by persisting in retaining a style that is several years behind the times."

During the hours of sleep the hair should be either allowed to flow free, or be confined in a loose plait.

"Quite so," said the Professor. "What is wanted is a happy medium combined with a special knowledge of hair treatment and hair-dressing. Like every other branch of Beauty Culture, the care of the hair resolves itself into a question of infinite care and scrupulous cleanliness; while if only the average amount of common sense is brought to bear upon the subject, wonders may speedily be worked and a small fortune in hair-dressing bills, hair tonics and lotions be saved.

"The chief thing to remember is that no hair can stand neglect. Even the finest hair calls for constant attention, while poor hair requires more than ordinary care if it is to become a factor in the achievement of good looks."

"Oh! do tell me what

you mean by constant attention; my hair is my despair," sighed the girl.

"Certain general rules strictly adhered to by all hair specialists are too often disregarded by the novice, who makes the mistake of treating such details as trivial and unimportant. Yet they will be found to form the keynote of success. Perhaps the most important points for you to remember are that:—

"Periodical cutting is essential to the proper growth and development of the hair. The use of common hair pins is the falsest kind of economy, as, like cheap and broken combs, they are liable to break the hair.

Thorough and regular brushing of the hair ... ning with perfectly ... keep the hair in good condition than anything else.

"If hair is naturally dry and brittle, it is a good plan to rub a little pure oil of jasmine into the scalp once a week. This rule should be universally adopted except when your hair is naturally greasy or of very light colour; in such cases sufficient artificial nourishment can be supplied by rubbing a little warm olive oil into the scalp twenty-four hours before the hair is going to be shampooed."

"Will that help the hair and prevent its going grey? I plucked three grey hairs out only yesterday," said the girl.

"Massage with a good hair tonic, which should be worked into the scalp with the tips of the fingers in a rotary movement for ten minutes daily, is an exercise of the utmost value; this not only prevents hair turning grey, but also prevents baldness, as it brings out the natural oils that lie dormant in the scalp and which require gentle friction to restore them to normal activity."

"How about pads," queried the girl. "Are they all right to use?"

"Certainly not. The use of frames and pads should be avoided, as these overheat and dry the cuticle and prevent light and air reaching the roots of the hair, so producing an unhealthy condition of the scalp. For the same reason it is essential that the hair be thoroughly brushed every night before retiring; while during the hours of sleep it should be either allowed to flow free or be merely confined by a loose plait."

"Oh, dear! I never could be bothered to brush and plait my hair every night; I am much too sleepy."

"Nevertheless, this last rule represents the most important thing that the amateur hair specialist has to learn. Nothing is more important than learning to brush the hair thoroughly and regularly, as carefully trained habits of brushing night and morning with perfectly clean brushes will do more to promote a good growth and keep the hair in a healthy condition than anything else.

"Indeed, so important is this, that you will find most professional beauty doctors insist upon their patients keeping as many as four

A beautiful sheen may be given to the hair by rubbing it down with a clean silk handkerchief after it has been brushed

pairs of freshly washed brushes ready to use in rotation, taking care that as soon as one pair is finished with it is set upon one side to be cleaned before it is used again."

"I use two pairs, one stiff whalebone, the other soft baby brushes," said the girl triumphantly. "I suppose that's all right, eh?"

The Professor hesitated. "Considerable controversy has been aroused," he said, "as to the best kind of hair brush to use for this purpose. Many specialists advocate the use of hard brushes with long whalebone bristles. These, however, should only be used for coarse hair, and for this they are excellent, as they promote a healthy friction of the scalp, but in the case of fine hair the whalebone bristles are apt to injure the hair by breaking it. Still in every case it is well to use a fairly hard brush followed by a soft one, which must be very vigorously used in order to promote a bright gloss and sheen.

"The simple expedient of rubbing the hair down with a clean silk handkerchief after it has been brushed will also be found to promote a fine sheen, and if this process is persisted in it will be found to have a wonderfully brightening effect upon even the dullest head of hair."

"What else can I do to make my hair bright?" The girl's tone was eager and animated.

"Constant combing is likewise to be encouraged. As a matter of fact, hair cannot be combed too much, but the operation is one that must be done lightly and smoothly, taking care not to break the hair by tugging at knots and tangles. The right way to comb a head of tangled hair is to take a coarse comb and begin at the tips of the hair, working upwards and holding the hair a couple of inches above the comb, so as not to pull it or make the scalp tender. Equally important is the question of shampooing.

"This should be done regularly once every six weeks, either in one's own home or at a high-class hair-dressing establishment, where one can rely upon the use of a really good and absolutely pure shampoo wash, guaranteed not to contain strong soda or any chemical that could damage the hair or affect the colour. I don't mind confessing that you will do best to become your own shampooer, for then you can be sure that only the purest of shampoo washes is used, and that the important matter of drying the hair is undertaken under the best conditions."

"Oh, I couldn't take the trouble. I've never even tried to wash my own hair."

"Yet the operation is not difficult," the Professor persisted—"the great thing to remember is that the scalp of the head must be thoroughly cleansed, and that the hair requires to be rinsed over and over again until every vestige of soap has disappeared Otherwise it will be sticky and persistently refuse to shine or look bright and glossy. Perhaps the best results are achieved by setting to work as follows," he continued, warming to his subject.

In combing tangled hair begin at the tips and work upwards, holding the hair a couple of inches above the comb.

"First comb and brush the hair free of all tangles. Then part it down the centre of the head from the forehead to the nape of the neck. Next take a soap dish, into which has been poured a little liquid castile soap shampoo, and by means of a soft nail brush scrub the scalp right along the division made by the parting. When this is done part the hair in another place, and treat it in the same manner until the whole head is covered with lather and the scalp is clean. Next the hair itself must be washed. To do this gather it up on to the crown of the head, soap it, and rub vigorously with both hands.

"Then comes the rinsing, by far the most important process of all, nine waters being none too many to use when rinsing a thick head of hair."

"*Nine?*" said the girl aghast. "Did you say nine waters?"

"Yes, nine," he persisted firmly. "You can't rinse your hair too much, and when that is done, dry with smooth damask towels—any other kind are liable to break the hair and fill it with fluff."

"I generally sit before the fire and get it dry in no time," said the girl. "It's a fine way of drying hair."

The Professor held up both hands in horror.

"On *no* account dry the hair before the fire or use any artificial heat such as gas or electric and hot air dryers, which make the hair brittle and dry and destroy the sheen. Fanning may, however, be resorted to, as this is exceedingly good for all hair. To dry the hair rapidly after shampooing, nothing is better than rubbing *eau de Cologne* or pure sprits of wine into the scalp, afterwards brushing the hair well and shaking it in the sun.

"If the hair is greasy in texture it is a good plan to rub the juice of a lemon into the scalp before shampooing, or to add a few drops of quinine and cream of tartar to the last water used for rinsing, which, by the way, should never be cold, as hair is always much softer and glossier when only warm water is used for shampooing."

"But doesn't this make hair stiff and brittle?" The girl tried to make her voice professional.

"If the hair is stiff and brittle after washing, it will be greatly benefited by a little pure oil rubbed on to a soft baby brush and then

Before shampooing the hair, comb and brush it free of all tangles, and part it down the centre of the head, from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

brushed evenly all over the surface of the hair, and, by the way, it is also well to bear in mind that hair always looks better if washed on a sunny day, as when it is washed on a damp day or in a dark place it seldom looks as bright or as glossy as it should do after a shampoo."

"But what about dry shampoo?"

"To cleanse the hair without going through a regular shampoo, add a wineglassful of cold water to half-a-teaspoonful of sal volatile; rub the mixture into the scalp after parting the hair in the way described for a wet shampoo, using a sponge or a flannel to apply the mixture.

"Another excellent dry cleanser for the hair is powdered orris root. This should be well rubbed through the hair and afterwards brushed out with several pairs of long-bristled brushes which should be thoroughly washed before being used for this purpose.

"After shampooing comes waving, for to be fashionably-dressed nowadays all hair must of necessity be waved."

"I quite agree," said his listener enthusiastically. "For my own part, I think it a shame that all women weren't born with naturally wavy hair."

"Well, this can always be imparted by the beautiful Marcel wave practised by every up-to-date hairdresser, who, with the use of special curling irons, produces a perfectly natural-looking ripple that catches every glint of light and gives the hair a glossy and luxuriant appearance."

"What a pity one can't Marcel-wave one's hair oneself," sighed the girl.

"Contrary to popular opinion this natural-looking wave can easily be learnt by the novice, who after a few intelligent lessons should be able to wave her own hair herself, an accomplishment of the utmost value, as it relieves her of the necessity of being dependent upon the services of a maid or a professional hairdresser every time she wants her hair dressed.

"After waving comes the dressing of the hair—a subject that is all-important, for the day of ill-dressed heads is happily past, and so universal has a good coiffure become nowadays that for every solitary hairdresser who eked out a meagre living a generation ago, twenty now flourish and find their time fully occupied transforming lank and straggling-looking hair into artistic coiffures."

"Isn't that true?" said the girl. "Why, in our mothers' day only one woman in every hundred ever thought of having her hair waved and dressed. It would be difficult now to pick out an appreciable number of undressed heads at any smart London gathering, while every provincial town of note boasts of at least one expert hairdresser who finds plenty to do. I wonder how it all came about?"

"The reason for it," said the Professor, rising to take his leave, "is that the hairdresser of to-day is an artist who has long since come to realise that the more natural-looking and simple a coiffure is, the more becoming it proves, and that while there are so many and varied types of feminine beauty it is quite impossible to lay down hard and fast rules concerning the correct fashion of dressing the hair."

Rinsing is by far the most important process of all, nine waters being none too many to use when dealing with a thick head of hair.

For The Children In War Time

Miss Phyllis Monkman, of the Alhambra Theatre, has very kindly consented to appeal this year in the ROYAL on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund—the Children's Charity. It exists, as most readers of the ROYAL know, to send city children to the country in the summer time. Ninepence pays for a day's holiday for one child. £8 2s. pays for a party of 200, with necessary attendants, and ten shillings sends a child to the country for a fortnight. All working expenses are borne by the promoters, and the whole of the money subscribed directly benefits the children. Please send subscriptions to the Hon. Sec. F.A.F., care of *The* ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.—Ed. R.M.

EVER so many thanks to those kind friends who responded to my appeal in last month's ROYAL for subscriptions on behalf of the Fresh Air Fund. I confess that I was just a little afraid that my appeal would fall flat, because I know that you all have so many calls upon your kindness just now. Well, I am encouraged to ask for more.

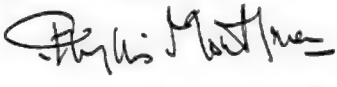
It is not nice asking for money, as a rule, but frankly in this case I do not mind it in the least. When I think of the thousands of little child prisoners in the dreary gloom of our cities, and remember that ninepence will give one of them a day of delicious happiness in the sunshine and green fields, I feel positively grasping. So here is a straight question: Have *you* sent *your* subscription? as they say in the American advertisements.

One word to those who feel that all the money they can spare should be given to war charities. In every one of the great cities are the families of thousands of the men who are fighting for us. One can, therefore, safely say that every party of children that goes to the country this year will contain a large proportion of the children of our heroes. Can you think of anything that the soldier would like better than the letter which will tell him of his child's happiness? And you may depend upon it he will get that letter—if you send your subscription.

Photo Weather & Hope

Miss Phyllis Monkman.

P.S.—His Majesty the King has just sent his annual subscription of £25.



Inferior Substitutes

By

F. E. Baily

"When maiden loves, she sits and sighs,
She wanders to and fro."

I.

She stood leaning one bare, white forearm on the mantelpiece; the white charmeuse dinner-gown, moulded by a masterly cut, framed the long, suave lines of her slender beauty, and her colouring could stand it. There was a crimson rose at her breast, a soft flush on her cheeks, and she saw red a little.

On the opposite side of the rugged, male room John Geddes, an old tweed coat replacing his dinner-jacket, an old briar pipe jutting from his straight mouth beyond his cleft, blue-shaved chin, worked restlessly at a spacious stand-up desk that ran the length of the wall.

Marcia tapped her satin-slippered foot on the tiger-skin. A small fire flickered in the grate, but through a half-open window came the subtle fragrance of early summer night. Except for shaded electric globes that lit the long desk, the room lay in shadow.

Geddes half-turned, caught her glance, nodded abruptly, turned back, sent a pair of dividers spinning to the ground, and swore under his breath.

Marcia laughed, a little, slow, dangerous laugh, metallic with the cynicism of her twenty-six years.

"You do wish I would go, don't you, John?"

He put down the dividers with a trained worker's methodical care, and faced her. She wondered, a little inconsistently, why this big, square-set man in the middle thirties, with a hard-won smile lurking at the corners of his cropped moustache, irritated her so. After all, he was a good husband.

"Well, dear, you've a very nice drawing-room, and I'm extraordinarily busy. This Soudanese reservoir is a pretty big job. I don't want to drive you away, but it's practically impossible to work with anyone in the room."

He spoke quite kindly. They had been married two years.

"It seems to me that you've been working at the Soudanese reservoir for months."

"I have. It means the irrigation of thousands of square miles—an immense new area brought under cultivation. You've no conception of the difficulties, the tremendous scale of everything, the——"

"I want someone to kiss me," broke in Marcia with deliberate brutality and entire lack of truth. The marriage fetters galled her. She could have wept tears of mist and moonlight. Her eyes smarted and her throat ached for the unattainable, and scarcely anything in the world would have brought comfort.

Geddes, looking upon the woman he loved with such intense annoyance as proved alone that he loved her, knew that she had everything she wanted and which money could buy. He knew that he had a working spell that would last far into the next morning; his mind cried out for solitude and the opportunity to achieve. Then, mentally giving up the golden moment of action, he crossed over, slipped an arm round his wife's shoulders, and took her at her word.

"Poor little lonely thing," he murmured tenderly.

Her lips against his remained strangely unresponsive. She looked at him with a curious little, considering, wry smile. He became conscious of the fact that mentally she was miles away.

Geddes began to regret his neglected work, but, a good husband, he tried again.

"Well, lady, what is it?"

"I don't know," she replied, shrugging

disillusioned shoulders. "I expect it's life, or marriage, or something."

"Well, I don't know either," said Geddes, a little bluntly.

"No, but you would once. You'd have suggested some mad expedition or other, and we should have behaved like idiots, and come back frightfully happy. Of course, you can always work—you *do* always work. I find the time hang rather. I'm not a crocheting woman. If I want a dog or a motor, you write me a cheque. Unfortunately, you can't buy me happiness."

Geddes always met a situation fairly and squarely. He moved away, and sat thoughtfully on the edge of a table.

"What did you do for this complaint before you were married?"

Marcia looked at him out of pitying round eyes.

"Why, in those days there were always men. You can easily find a man to fit in with your mood in your unattached days. After you have settled down with the one you like best, he has to do, however you feel. Choosing a husband is like choosing an evening gown if you can only afford one. It's a sort of compromise."

"So," he summed up slowly, "it comes to this. You've got a mood, and I don't fit in with it. If we weren't married you'd find some satisfactory chap. In addition, I've got to work. Well, we'd better unmarry for a bit."

"What do you mean?"

Geddes moved over to his wife, took her left hand, and slipped the two rings from its third finger, placing them carefully in his waistcoat pocket.

"There," he observed pleasantly. "Now you aren't even engaged, as far as meets the eye. Run away to the seaside, and flirt for a bit. I expect I'm a bit steady and staid for a young thing like you. Remember, I'm thirty-seven!"

"But, John, you must be mad! I——"

Marcia almost lost her calm, cynically emotionless pose. With ready tact he lent a helping hand.

"To oblige *me*," he said persuasively. "Remember, it means a man for every mood. You won't have the least difficulty—your looking-glass will tell you that. And, really, I'm frightfully busy. You can always put your hand on me when you want me."

He turned and wrote out methodically a cheque for a hundred pounds.

"Let me know when you arrive safely. And now I expect you'll want to go and pack."

Too amazed for protest, Marcia suffered him to kiss her genially. Then she felt herself shepherded gently from the room.

II.

In the apple garden of The Lodge,

Geddes moved over to his wife, took her left hand, and slipped the two rings from its third finger. . . . . "There," he observed pleasantly. "Now you aren't even engaged, as far as meets the eye."

Sunleigh-on-Sea, the earthly tabernacle of her elderly, adoring aunt, Mr. Robert Grant-Smith quarrelled merrily with Miss Virginia Streatley.

Now Miss Streatley was a flapper of exceptional charm. She wore at the moment a white piqué tennis frock with a scarlet tie and a peculiarly adorable sun-hat. Her golden-brown hair hung in a shining plait of precisely the right length and thickness. She possessed a little straight nose, a delicious complexion tanned to the exact shade; her big violet eyes might have led kings captive; her mouth defied competition.

Miss Streatley, not altogether unaware of these things, tapped her white silk legs peremptorily with her tennis racquet.

"It's no use talking, Bobbie," she declared. "You might go on talking for a week and it would make no difference, except that I dislike to hear the same things over and over again. I shall continue to go out in George's side-car whenever I choose."

"Very well, then, Virgie," retorted Mr. Smith, drawing up his white-clad form to the limit of his five feet ten inches, "that settles it. Either you chuck going out in his side-car—and that beside a stinking Regina that my Peerless could mop off the face of the earth—or you chuck me. Frankly speaking, I loathe the chap. He's not fit for you to know. He's a blighter of the first water."

"I wish you could manage to avoid insulting my friends," remarked Virgie with divine venom.

"I ought to be at Sandhurst now, and I should be if it hadn't been for that beastly go of pneumonia," went on Mr. Smith—who was recruiting his health—plaintively. "I dare say I shall be blown to blazes soon by a German shell, but I wouldn't mind that if it were to be for your sake. Now I shall merely make room for the most unspeakable outsider——"

"Bobbie," interrupted the lady, "I'm going indoors. I dare say you can find your way out alone. I shall never, never speak to you again."

Slowly, with infinite fastidiousness, like a cat picking her way along a wet path, Miss Streatley left the apple garden, crossed the lawn, and entered The Lodge by a French window. She did not look back because she knew Bobbie would have enjoyed it if she had.

The discarded lover sighed, knowing that his heart was broken. Then he squared his shoulders, laughed harshly, and returned to his diggings.

"I shall dine at the Grand Hotel and paint the place red," he told himself. "I dare say there are other girls. There won't be one to touch Virgie, though. I suppose she'll live in that brute Harlingford's side-car now. Oh——!"

And Mr. Grant-Smith pronounced a regrettable word.

Later, garbed in irreproachable evening kit, he sauntered slowly and contemptuously across the white and gold dining-room of the Grand Hotel. Casual diners glanced up to watch his progress; he ignored them. The head waiter, knowing gilded youth when he saw it, approached obsequiously. Bobbie scarcely condescended to notice. All this kind of thing is balm of Gilead to the tender male, and his years numbered but nineteen. He chose a corner table, ordered his meal, and reached grimly for the wine list.

They brought him champagne—George Goulet, golden and bubbling. Presently he cast over the room a stony stare, and beheld—Her.

She sat alone, leaning her chin on her hands, her bare white arms gleaming in the soft light of the electric lamp. Her dinner-gown of white charmeuse, moulded by a masterly cut, framed the long, suave lines of her tall, slender beauty, and her colouring could stand it. There was a crimson rose at her breast, a soft flush in her cheeks, and a mutinous set to her mouth.

Bobbie drew a long breath. Then his heart leapt again; in the understanding born of defeat he saw that she, too, was unhappy.

She lingered over her dinner and he lingered over his. Gazing at her perpetually, though without impertinence, he knew she was not unconscious of his interest. The champagne of youth and the champagne of France mingled gave him courage. Deliberately he crossed over to her table.

"Forgive me," he said, "but you don't look happy, and I am not happy either. Will you let me ask you to have coffee with me?"

Faint surprise stole into her expression. Then, seeing a good boy, she nodded.

"I should like to," she said, "but you are much too young to be unhappy. Tell me about it."

He told her some of it. Soon they seemed to have spent most of their lives together. It was one of those sacred occasions when moments masquerade as years. Glancing up at last he saw a clock pointing to half-past ten.

"Come out just for a moment to look at the sea," he begged.

The lawns of the Grand Hotel slope to the cliff edge. It was a perfect summer night. Deftly he held her evening coat and thrilled at the nearness and beauty of her. Then they went out into the magic of moonlight and the sea.

Already he was silently pouring out his soul in the rapture, the sheer self-less adoration of boy-worship, that is only possible at one period of life, and the memory of which remains for ever. He had almost forgotten Virgie. If he had remembered he would have smiled. What was a child like Virgie beside this beautiful, perfect-mannered, self-possessed woman?

She knew, she understood, and she took all he gave, which was all he wanted her to do.

"Please tell me your name," he pleaded, as they went in.

"Marcia," she answered, knowing he meant her Christian name.

"Mine's Bobbie." His voice sounded rather shy. "It's a ridiculous name, but what is one to do if they christen you Robert?"

She held out a slender white hand, and he took it reverently.

"Good night, Bobbie," she said, and Paradise could have offered nothing by comparison.

"Forgive me," he said, "but you don't look happy, and I am not happy either. Will you let me ask you to have coffee with me?"

III.

In the next week he lived a golden eternity. Marcia went everywhere with him. She considered herself a mere fleck of foam drifting on a halcyon sea. John Geddes had launched her on her vagrant voyage; Bobbie Grant-Smith had hove in sight and taken the helm. For the rest—who cared?

He brought her flowers every day—crimson roses in memory of the one she had worn that night. He knew her frocks by heart and asked for them by name. They walked together, swam together, went sailing together, dined and lunched together.

Who could blame her? reflected Marcia, when she thought at all. She was genuinely fond of this boy in a half-sisterly, half-maternal, one part romantic way. How could she help liking him, when he admired her so openly, and dedicated himself solely to keeping her happy? John knew of her safe arrival; he gave no sign. Figuratively

speaking, she washed her hands of the situation.

In the evening, for the most part, Bobbie took her to the open-air performances of a concert-party. He liked to sit beside her, and hear the singers put into the words of their love songs all he might not say. There was one in particular, a favourite with the contralto, which seemed made on purpose for him:

> Beyond the hills of Aready
> With kisses long and slow,
> You told me all your love for me
> A thousand years ago;
> And still the skies are blue above,
> But kisses—what are they?
> Sweetheart, we did but play at love,
> And love is only play!

On the last evening of the golden week he begged for a motor pic-nic. The Grand Hotel packed an inspired meal and they ate it miles away from Sunleigh-on-Sea, sheltered among the heather that clothed a great, gaunt headland. There was no ghost of a dainty flapper in Bobbie's side-car. He had quite forgotten Virgie.

"Marcia," he said dreamily, staring through his cigarette smoke, "isn't this heaven? Aren't you happy?"

"Yes," murmured Marcia, and began suddenly to wonder if she were.

"Marcia—oh, Marcia!" came the boy's voice again, shaking with earnestness, "I *do* love you. May I kiss you, Marcia?"

There rose before Marcia's mental vision the square-set, iron face of John Geddes, who had never in his life asked permission to kiss her, and always taken what he wanted. Then she looked at her boy-worshipper and pitied the dumb longing in his eyes. Feeling unutterably foolish she held up her face. Gently, almost timidly, he kissed her cheek.

And that very moment Marcia began to cry as if her heart would break. Suddenly everything appeared very hopeless and ridiculous. John, who was so strong, so adequate to lean upon in her weary moments, obviously did not care any longer. The only substitute she possessed was this boy, charming, no doubt, but more in need of comfort than capable of bestowing it.

Savagely she mopped up tears of sheer hurt pride.

"Take me home, Bobbie, there's a dear. Sorry to be such a fool," she blurted out.

Sadly he started up the Peerless to obey. That was his great shortcoming—he always obeyed.

IV.

Before breakfast Marcia was telephoning feverishly to her husband, only to find him away from home. Completely baffled, she returned to bed, refused to see Bobbie when he called, and tried to make plans for the future.

In the midst of chaos came a great grey touring car, driven by a big, square-set man, which drew up at the entrance of the Grand Hotel. The driver strode into the vestibule, beckoned a waiter and gave him a plain, sealed envelope.

"Take it up to Number 41 and wait for an answer," said the stranger.

Breathless, recognising her own stationery, Marcia tore it open.

> I want you. Come down and let's clear out of this.
>
> JOHN.

"Tell the gentleman I am coming down," commanded the *blasée* wife, and packed with trembling fingers.

Within a quarter-of-an-hour they were on the road. Sighing happily she snuggled close against him as he drove; they said nothing, but little thrills from her shoulder crept down his arm.

The road wound up on to a deserted plateau. He stopped the car, turned, and picked her up bodily in his arms.

"Well?" he said out of his straight mouth.

She leant back her head and pouted her lips.

"I wanted you," he murmured later, a little unsteadily.

She only laughed, very low, and pouted her lips again.

"And your work?" she inquired at last. He grinned sheepishly.

"Gone to blazes ever since you left," he confessed, and there was triumph in her laugh this time.

He felt in his waistcoat pocket, brought out two rings, and placed them on the third finger of her left hand.

"It looks more furnished now," he explained.

Bobbie sat in his diggings, staring blindly at a hastily scribbled note. The world seemed to have split asunder with appalling suddenness.

> I've gone (ran the note). I know I'm a beast, but I can't help it. You were a dear boy, and very good to me. Please, for my sake, make it up with the other girl.
>
> MARCIA.

In his hour of deepest misery, being at the age when one suffers most, the love song of the concert-party contralto floated through his brain, and brought a choking lump into his throat:

> And still the skies are blue above,
> But kisses—what are they?
> Sweetheart, we did but play at love,
> And love is only play

It is hard for youth to see the sky still blue when there are no kisses, but only a memory of them. It is harder still when all the magic of memory can conjure up but one kiss, and that only a little one.

For a long time he remained very still, biting at a cold pipe. Then he got up, and once again squared his shoulders.

"I suppose it served me right for being a brute to Virgie," he murmured. "I'd better go round and say I'm sorry."

Luck turned; he found her, wearing the same white frock, in the apple garden of her aunt's earthly tabernacle. She seemed more subdued than usual.

"Hullo, Bobbie!" she began. "Congratulate you on the girl. She's awfully pretty——"

"Don't!" he exclaimed, and told her some of the story.

She put a hand on his arm.

"Poor Bobbie! I've had a thin time, too. That beast George Harlingford took me out in his side-car and tried to kiss me."

"Sorry," murmured Bobbie. "We both seem to have come to grief over kissing. P'r'aps we chose the wrong people."

She cast up her big violet eyes that might have led kings captive; then she cast them down.

"It's so difficult," she objected in a small voice, so he had to show her that it wasn't.

"It's so difficult," she objected in a small voice, so he had to show her that it wasn't.

"NIGHTMARES!"

By Margaret Chute.

Nightmares are not always the result of injudicious suppers, but also of overstrain and hard work. In the following article popular stage favourites confess to their own particular form of nightmare, all of the most terrifying description.

Photo Fradelon & Bradfield.

Mr. W. H. Berry, the popular comedian who has taken part in so many successes at Daly's Theatre, is apt to dream that he cannot get into his stage clothes.

It is not generally known that professional people in various walks of life suffer from a special and permanent form of nightmare, usually connected with their work. Heartlessly, this horrid dream attacks them at times of unusual nerve-strain and worry.

A popular laughter-maker, Mr. W. H Berry, of Daly's Theatre, leads the way, telling his story thus:

"Do I suffer from nightmares? Of course—and I don't like them at all. My own favourite, copyright edition is common to many actors, I believe. I dream that I can't get my stage clothes on! This nightmare seizes me, as a rule, when a first night is drawing near, and I'm nervy and anxious about my new part.

"In my fevered imagination, I see myself in my dressing-room engaged in fruitless efforts to make-up and dress for the performance. Outside, in the stone corridor, the call-boy is shouting:

"'Beginners, please! Mr. Berry, *please!* Hurry up, sir!'

"But can I hurry? No! My grease-paint turns liquid as I touch it, and runs down my face in slimy streaks. My wig becomes several sizes too small, and exposes large stretches of hair and forehead. My clothes shrink visibly as I approach them; buttons fly round the room on spidery legs.

"My collar won't meet, and my dresser is drowning in a flood of neckties, shirts and studs. The orchestra is playing; every collar-stud in my possession is the size of a prize pumpkin; my eyes protrude, my throat is parched, my knees shake, my fingers fumble; the call-boy shouts: 'You're off, sir, you're off!' and I am—off the bed on the floor!"

Mr. Paul A. Rubens, the author and composer of *Miss Hook of Holland* and innumerable musical comedies, does not encourage nightmares, on the whole, but when he does get one it is no laughing matter.

"In my mind's eye," he explains, "I appear to be in the throes of composition—words, music, or both—of some musical play that must be completed at breakneck speed. A huge bottle of ink stands on my desk, together with a stack of paper. Feverishly, I watch myself writing. My fingers grow stiff; sheet after sheet is covered, and flung on the floor.

"Then, without warning, my pen begins to swell, and goes on swelling, until it seems like a mighty, unmanageable walking-stick. Still I struggle on, until my eye falls on my ink-bottle, and I see that it is filled, not with ink, but water! Petrified, I gaze at the sheets of paper I have covered with notes and words. They are all blank—unsullied by a single line or even blot!

"Half crazy with anger and disappointment, I try again, but water runs from my pen and soaks the paper. My brain is seething with ideas, but when I try to record them nothing but blank spaces follow.

"As a final horror, the sheets of paper, scattered over the floor, take to themselves arms and legs, and begin a wild dance, finishing with a general exit through the window. So I am left, paperless and inkless, in my empty study."

Here is Miss Ruth Vincent's account of the kind of nightmare which attacks singers, herself included.

"When I am haunted by nightmares, they take a form which is common to many vocalists, I believe. I see the platform of a large concert-hall or the stage of a theatre reflected in a mirror, which also shows a crowded audience. On the stage I perceive myself standing waiting to sing. The opening bars of my song are played, and sound deafeningly loud, and then I open my mouth, expecting to sing.

"My lips form the words, my throat produces the notes, but not one sound is

The form of nightmare which attacks that charming singer, Miss Ruth Vincent, is one in which she comes on the stage to begin her song, and is unable to sing a single note.

Mr. Paul Rubens, the author and composer of *Miss Hook of Holland*, and many other musical comedies, indulges in a nightmare in which he is composing against time, only to find he has been using water instead of ink, and his pages are an absolute blank.

audible. Terrified, I find myself straining every nerve to evolve some sort of vocal sound. The piano grows louder and louder, until the notes seem alive, and stretch towards me, like long, white fingers, which twine round my throat, choking back the notes I am trying to sing.

"The audience grows restless—and so the nightmare goes on until the living piano-notes seize me and carry me away, shrieking. That, fortunately, is usually the signal for me to wake up."

Miss Mabel Russell, like so many actresses, has nightmares about doing her hair.

"I can't do it!" is her complaint. "I see myself sitting before my looking-glass, trying to get ready to face the footlights. First, I start to comb my hair—and find there are huge gaps in the teeth of my comb, which consequently tears its way through my tresses like a crazy rake. My brush is all short stubbles, which hurt my scalp and wrench out handfuls of hair.

"When I try to arrange some sort of a coiffure, one side collapses as fast as I do the other, like an extraordinary see-saw. Snatching some hair-pins, I stick them into my hair, but they bend and stretch as I touch them, refusing to be inserted in my curls.

"Nearly distracted, I pull down my hair and begin to plait it. Instantly it grows and grows, and goes on growing, until it extends in a thick rope, like elastic, out of the door and on to the stage. I start then to wind it round my head, and go on winding till I am bound hand and foot, like a mummy, and choked by long, straggling ends of hair!

"That's about all, I think; for, in my nightmare I never get further than the 'mummy' stage, and I don't think I want to, as a matter of fact."

Mr. George Robey, most mercurial of comedians, endures a form of nightmare that is decidedly trying.

"It arises from 'working turns,'" he explains pathetically. "'Working turns' means playing at three or four different music-halls every night, and driving from one to another, with about three seconds to spare. This, when it happens night after night, gets rather nerve-racking, and so my nightmares invariably centre round driving from hall to hall—against time.

"I see myself in my motor-car, watching anxiously for a clear space in the road through which the chauffeur may dash. As I watch, every vehicle and pedestrian suddenly grows in size and develops thousands of legs. Huge motor-'buses, tremendous pantechnicons, gigantic bicycles, and Gulliver-like

Photo *Weather & Boys.*

Miss Mabel Russell, the clever young actress who did such great things in *Within the Law*, has a nightmare in which her hair absolutely refuses to be done, and ends by nearly choking her.

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

Driving from one music-hall to another at breakneck speed induced by Mr. George Robey, the popular music-hall star, a nightmare in which his motor seems blocked by traffic and is eventually crushed between two huge vehicles.

human beings, moving at a snail's pace, block the entire roadway.

"My miserable car shrinks visibly, while the precious minutes fly, and still the mammoth 'buses block my way. Shrinking almost to nothing, my conveyance is eventually crushed between two

huge vehicles—at which point I generally [illegible]

Mademoiselle Lydia Kyasht, the beautiful Russian dancer, suffers from another strange [illegible]

"It is not good!" she sighs, "and it is always, for me, the same. I dream that the [illegible] and I cannot get my shoes on! In my dressing-room I sit struggling and striving to fit my ballet-shoes over my feet. Inch by inch those shoes grow smaller and smaller.

In vain my maid assists me: in vain I pull and pull. The orchestra [illegible] everything waits for me, but I [illegible] without shoes. Seizing a shoe-horn, I insert it [illegible] my foot. Lo! my [illegible] grows big, grows mad! It is bigger than I am, and fills the whole room [illegible]

"Frantically I [illegible] it splits my skin in half—in fact it is a nightmare!"

Photo *Foulsham & Banfield.*

Mademoiselle Lydia Kyasht, the beautiful Russian dancer, suffers from dreams in which her ballet-shoes decline to go on, and finally split in two.

NOBBY

ON GETTING COMMISSIONS.

By Edgar Wallace.

The inimitable Nobby has very strong views on the subject of those of his fellows who aspire to become officers. How he pockets his resentment at the behaviour of an aspiring friend and rallies to his call at a critical moment, is vividly told in the following story.

"There was a feller of ours," said Smithy, "who thought he could get a commission. Sooms his name was, owin' to a fam'ly misfortune, the fam'ly misfortune bein' that his father's name was the same. A highly educated feller he was, too. He could tell yer how many rifles it would take to reach from High Street, London, to High Street, Moon. He could tell yer who won the Derby in 1866 and who was second an' third, an' why. If you ever wanted anybody to dish you out information about the Army, football, electricity, or catchin' mice, you had only to go to Soomsy to get more information in half-an-hour than you could possibly forget in ten years, however hard you tried.

"Soomsy was one o' those fat-headed fellers you sometimes meet—clean-shaven, very fair hair plastered down both sides, and a khaki moustache that was wholly invisible in certain lights.

"In the olden days before the war, fellers never used to think about commissions. The officer lived on the other side o' the fence, so to speak, an' nobody ever wanted to jump over. But when the war broke out, there was a new spirit abroad.

"'I see they want ten thousand officers,' sez Spud Murphy one day, very thoughtful. 'I suppose they'd give the preference to a feller with a lot o' military experience?'

"'If you mean you,' sez Nobby, 'I think they'd rather have brains an' good looks,' he sez.

"But still, Spud wasn't goin' to be put off.

"'It must be bloomin' fine bein' an officer,' he sez. 'Nothin' to do but give orders.'

"'Fine,' sez Nobby, 'for sometimes you'd get people who'd obey you.'

"As a matter of fact, Spud didn't put in his application, so we don't know what would have happened to it; an' the reason he didn't put it in was owin' to Nobby studyin' the German methods an' applyin' them.

"I said that Soomsy was a fairly well educated feller, an' whilst at first we didn't worry much about his idea of bein' an officer, when we saw some o' the chaps who were driftin' into the Army, there was a sort o' panic.

"'I believe the blighter will get his commission,' said Nobby agitatedly. 'And then what will prevent Spud gettin' it?'

"All might have been well if Soomsy hadn't started givin' himself airs. Apparently he had got his papers signed by his schoolmaster at home. He told Nobby so.

"'What?' says Nobby, incredulous. 'Ain't Doctor Barnardo dead?'

"'I'll have you understan', Private Clark,' sez Soomsy, very haughty, 'that I went to a private grammar school—one o' the best in

"Nobby came into our billet one night almost upset. 'Smithy,' he sez, very serious, 'this commission business is gettin' a bit overdone. There's a regular epidemic of chaps goin' in for it.'"

England. It's what I might term my Alma Mater.'

"This happened when we were in billets behind Bethune, an' when naturally we had time to think about things which didn't matter. Nobby came into our billet one night almost upset.

"'Smithy,' he sez, very serious, 'this commission business is gettin' a bit overdone. There's a regular epidemic of chaps goin' in for it. I think someone ought to see the real officers about it.'

"What Nobby sez was true. There was Punch Wilson, Jim Spedding, Tiny White, Flusher Mason—a whole crowd of 'em was writin' to their Alma Maters for a character. If a chap was put on fatigue an' he didn't like it, he didn't grouse any more—he just went straight back to his billet an' wrote on a bit o' paper: 'Dear Sir, I beg to apply for a vacancy in Officer Department. My Alma Mater's address is as follows, etc.'

"'I've got an idea, Smithy,' sez Nobby one day, 'an' I'm goin' to put it up to some o' these bright boys.'

"He got Sooms an' a few other would-be officers round him.

"'Gentlemen,' he sez, 'all you young officers in a month or two will, perhaps, or perhaps not, be leadin' us on to death an' glory. Me an' a number of the common privates of the regiment think it would be a grand idea if you chaps started gettin' ready for Der Tag, so to speak, an' gettin' yourselves accustomed to livin' with gentlemen.'

"'Hear, hear!' sez the fellers, an' Nobby went on to explain his scheme.

"His idea was to start a young officers' mess for privates who wanted commissions, where they would be taught the way to hold a chicken bone when eatin' same, an' what spoon they ought to use when they're eatin' peas, an' how much coffee a saucer holds.

"Nobby's idea was that each noble young officer should pay five bob a week to a mess fund an' to pay the heavy wages of instructors.

"The idea caught on, till Nobby went round to collect the money.

"'I'll give you a cheque,' sez Sooms.

"Suddenly we heard old Soomsy shout: 'I'm goin' for that wood, boys—with the bayonet. Who'll follow me?' Nobby was up in a second. 'Me, sir!' he sez."

"'What for?' sez Nobby in amazement.

"'Officers always give cheques,' sez Sooms very off-handedly.

"'You give me six francs an' we'll say no more about it,' sez Nobby.

"'Do you doubt my honour?' sez Sooms. 'My word's my bond,' he sez.

"'Six francs,' sez Nobby, very patient, 'an' we'll let bygones be bygones.'

"But he never got that money, an', what's more, these young officers pinched his idea an' started their little mess on their own. I never saw Nobby so wild as he was when comin' back from the trenches one night to billets he heard about this mess bein' formed.

"He wouldn't have worried about it so much only he had an idea that Spud Murphy had started it.

"He got Spud Murphy aside.

"'Spud,' he sez, 'how long have you been in France?'

"'Eight months,' sez Spud.

"'Have you ever heard of German frightfulness?" sez Nobby.

"'Naterally,' sez Spud.

"'Well,' sez Nobby, 'if you don't chuck up my idea an' get out of that class for educatin' young officers, you're goin' to get a clump in the neck that'll make a Jack Johnson shell feel like a feather ticklin' you.'

"'Don't threaten me, Private Clark,' sez Spud, 'or I'll——'

"Spud got away with his life an' that's about all.

"After this Nobby was very unpleasant, an' especially to Soomsy.

"It wasn't jealousy, an' it wasn't Hymn of Hatery, it was just wildness.

"In the Army," reflected Private Smith, "it's pretty difficult to tell what a chap was before he enlisted unless you knew him. Nobody knew what Soomsy was, but the general idea was that he used to sell coke. This is where we were all wrong, for he must have gone to a decent school an' had pretty

influential friends. Some say that he got into trouble over money affairs, bein' somewhat careless, but if that was so the Member of Parliament who knew his brother's wife wasn't aware of the fact, for accordin' to what we've heard, he's signed Soomsy's papers like a bird.

"Nobby had been down to the base to bring up our new Colonel's luggage, an' brought the news to us.

"'Soomsy's got a commission,' he sez in a wonderin' way—an' it was true.

"You could have knocked me down with a feather, and you could have knocked the rest of 'B' company over, too.

"'This,' sez Nobby very solemn—'this is where we're going to lose the war.'

"Soomsy didn't know about it because he was in the support trenches—'C' Company bein' on duty whilst 'B' was in billets.

"He heard by telephone, an' I knew he was a bit upset, but he hadn't much time to think about it, because that night every man was rushed up to the fightin' line, new brigades were pushed in to support our corps, and in the mornin', when we should have been discussin' the matter, we were crouchin' in our trenches, with cotton wool in our ears, while about two hundred guns of the —th and the —th corps was hammerin' at the German line.

"The guns stopped at 9.30, and a minute later the Anchesters, Warchesters, the Ross Highlanders, and the Kents were racin' across the ground through barbed wire an' pitfall at the German trench.

"I don't know how long the fight lasted, but I do know that a whole Bavarian Corps an' a Saxon Division came for us, drove us back, an' pinned us to a ruined farmhouse, where we dug ourselves in an' waited.

"'Hold on to the last man,' sez the Colonel.

"We looked round to count our officers.

"There weren't many left. Then——

"'I'm blowed if that blighter Soomsy isn't commandin' "B" Company!' sez Nobby, an' so he was.

"It was the most astonishin' thing in the world.

"Soomsy, pig-headed an' red-faced, lookin' more like a tramp-cyclist than an officer, was givin' orders as calm an' as cheery as you please.

"Nobby gasped.

"'Do they expect us,' he sez, 'to follow a perishin' van boy? What!' he sez, bitter as anythin', 'are the likes of me an' you to take orders from a bloomin' Tommy?'

"All the time the fight was goin' on Nobby was mutterin' to himself an' sayin' the most awful things about Soomsy you have ever heard.

"We were gettin' it in the neck. The enemy brought their machine guns to a little wood on our left front an' was pourin' a deadly fire into our defences.

"'I wouldn't mind bein' knocked out,' sez Nobby, 'if only I had the feelin' that I was dyin' in good company, but to be commanded by a flat-footed recruit . . .'

"He occupied his time this way every now an' then, lookin' over his shoulder to scowl at Soomsy, who was as calm as if he was watchin' a football match.

"'The Army,' sez Nobby, shootin' viciously at the wood whenever he saw a helmet, 'is goin' to the dogs. Who'd ever 'ave thought that a pie-faced——'

"Suddenly we heard old Soomsy shout: 'I'm goin' for that wood, boys—with the bayonet. Who'll follow me?'

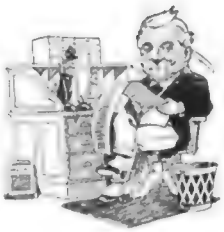
"Nobby was up in a second.

"'Me, sir!' he sez."

If these stories told by "Smithy" have amused you, be sure and get Mr. Edgar Wallace's new book of complete short stories entitled

"SMITHY AND THE HUN,"

price 1s. net. They are as joyous as those which have appeared in the ROYAL.

MR. EDITOR  —HIS PAGE.

A Little Friendly Gossip.

OUR £1,000 COMPETITION.

You will notice, if you turn to page 159, that the last set of pictures in this competition appears this month. I hope the many readers overseas who have begged for an extension of time will note with gratification that three months elapse between the appearance of the final set of pictures and the date by which all attempts must reach this office.

If you have spoilt any sets of pictures, or have thought over your solutions and desire to modify them, back numbers or a complete reprint of the pictures may be obtained, as set forth on page 159 aforesaid.

May I wish all competitors the best of luck?

"MY LADY BEAUTIFUL."

I would like to draw the attention of all lady readers to a delightful series of beauty articles which commences in this number with a fascinating causerie on the care of the hair. These articles are no ordinary feature; they are written by an expert, and they embody all the latest scientific theories of beauty culture. One will appear in each succeeding issue of the ROYAL, and the article destined for the July number reveals the rites and mysteries of the Beauty Bath.

All these articles will be enriched by the exquisite drawings of Mr. A. K. Macdonald, one of the most celebrated artists of to-day.

May I add that if any lady reader desires special information on any point she has only to write to Miss Mary Marsh, c.o the ROYAL MAGAZINE, 18 Henrietta Street, W.C., enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and she will receive a reply by post. Those who care to enclose 9d. for the Fresh Air Fund with their query will be doing a good deed to some little city child.

THE F.A.F.

This reminds me that an inset, reproduced below, will be found in this number, inviting subscriptions for this very deserving charity. Please do not let the war prevent us from brightening the children's summer as we have been able to do in other years with your generous help. Perhaps ninepence is not a great deal to you, but a day's holiday in the country is a great deal to a child.

"THE NEW BERNHARDI."

One of the most important war books that have been published since the start of the campaign bears the title "The New Bernhardi."

It has been written by the notorious Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi, the author of "Germany and the Next War," the book which first opened the eyes of the public to the real object of Germany's military preparations and which glorified war as the sole agency by which Germany could attain her ambition to rule the world. "The New Bernhardi," in which the writer breaks silence for the first time after eight months of war, reveals a new conception of the German obligations to fight. It contends that the war is essentially a defensive struggle against the overweening navalism of England, and that it is the British Navy that in reality threatens the liberty of the world.

This arresting volume is published by C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and may be obtained at all bookstalls, price 1s.

Cigarette Pictures Guv'nor?

By C. L. McCluer Stevens.

The collecting of cigarette pictures is by no means confined to the small boy, for many of his elders are ardent collectors. How the cigarette card first came into vogue, and has been turned to account by manufacturers of cigarettes, is related in the following article.

What cigarette smoker is there who has not been accosted in the street with the urgent request, "Cigarette pictures, Guv'nor?" made by a more or less grubby-faced small boy?

The stereotyped appeal is due, of course, to the fact that these tiny slips of coloured cardboard are highly esteemed by juveniles. They collect them, exchange them with one another, trade them off for marbles and sweets, even sell them occasionally.

The reason is that they are children's encyclopædias, telling them everything about such subjects of boyish interest as flags of all nations, army and navy uniforms, first-aid, railway engines of the world, physical drill, "flag-wagging," games, sport, telegraphy, natural history, botany, heraldry, and so forth.

That this is so an occurrence at a Lancashire family gathering bears witness. The tea-table had been laid, and mother was hard at work slicing up bread-and-butter, when the knife accidentally slipped and cut her thumb.

Without a word Myles, aged nine, dashed out of the room.

After a few minutes he returned with a countenance full of disappointment, and in a tone of deep disgust remarked to his father: "There's nowt about t' thumb."

He had been upstairs to search his collection of cards on first-aid.

It has been asserted that the introduction of the cigarette card into this country was contemporary with the introduction of the cigarette, but this is not quite correct.

The first cigarette manufacturer to establish his trade in England was a Greek named Theodorides. He started in a small way in Leicester Square, and the cigarettes he sold over the counter of his shop were made in the parlour in the rear of it by two or three Russian girls whom he had imported from Odessa for the purpose. This was in 1861, and for four years he had the field to himself.

Then, in 1865, another Greek, named Avramachi, started a high-class tobacconist's shop in Regent Street, where for the first time the "k-nut" of that period was able to purchase a really good cigarette put up in an attractive form.

Avramachi christened his brand

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the "Cambridge," and the price was a shilling for twelve.

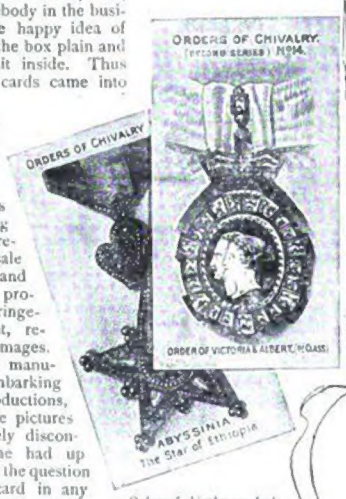
They were fitted with cardboard mouthpieces, a fashion borrowed from the Russians, and were put up in pictured boxes. Competitors soon entered the field, and these boxes reached by degrees quite a high pitch of perfection, the lids being decorated with richly embossed coloured pictures of popular actresses, mounted in some instances on velvet, in others on glass.

The young men of that day and generation, susceptible then as now to feminine charms, used to detach these pictures from the lids and preserve them; and, noticing this, somebody in the business hit upon the happy idea of leaving the top of the box plain and putting the portrait inside. Thus the first cigarette cards came into being.

Their vogue lasted for some years, and then declined, partly owing to the fact that many actresses objected to having their photographs reproduced wholesale after this fashion, and some even took proceedings for infringement of copyright, recovering heavy damages.

This made the manufacturers shy of embarking upon further reproductions, and by degrees the pictures were almost entirely discontinued, for no one had up till then considered the question of the cigarette card in any other connection than as a medium for the free distribution of portraits of the stage stars of the moment. Their revival at a much later date came about through the introduction of the cheap packet cigarette.

Some cigarette cards are most instructive. Here is one of a first-aid series, showing the correct way to bandage a finger.—

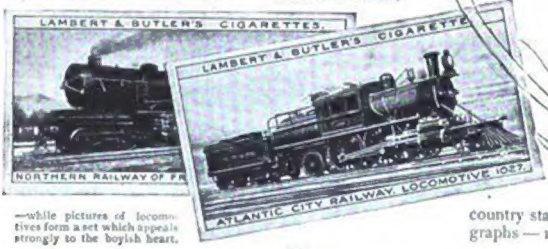


—Orders of chivalry are dealt with in another series,—

Retailed at the beginning at a uniform price of threepence the ten, in paper wrappers, these cigarettes soon achieved an enormous popularity, the only drawback being the flimsy nature of the inclosing envelope, which allowed the contents to become bruised or broken very easily.

It was in order to remedy this defect that what is still known in the trade as the "stiffener" was introduced. This was at first merely a plain piece of cardboard the same size as the packet.

But after a while an American firm trading in this country started to print photographs — not necessarily of


LAMBERT & BUTLER'S CIGARETTES
NORTHERN RAILWAY OF FR
LAMBERT & BUTLER'S CIGARETTES
ATLANTIC CITY RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVE 1027

—while pictures of locomotives form a set which appeals strongly to the boyish heart.

["CIGARETTE PICTURES, GUV'NOR?" continued overleaf.]

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Heroes of the turf are always popular.

actresses—on them, and, further, hit upon the happy idea of inducing people to preserve them by giving prizes to those who collected and sent in complete sets.

As the sets consisted in some instances of one hundred or more separate cards, each bearing a distinctive number, the process of collecting them became something of a lottery, for, of course, nobody could possibly tell in advance which particular number he was going to secure with any given packet of cigarettes. As a result, the cigarette card collector found himself possessed of many duplicate cards, and these he started exchanging amongst such of his friends and acquaintances as also patronised this particular brand.

Other cigarette manufacturers were not slow to perceive the advantage that the scheme gave this particular firm over their rivals. Smokers bought the same brand week after week, and none other. In fact, the premium cigarette card achieved the same end as regards the packet cigarettes as the serial story does in the world of periodical literature; that is to say, it practically insured continuity of sale during a period of at least several weeks, and it might be months.

Flags and regimental badges reproduced on satin are prime favourites since the war—

As a result, all sorts of similar premium schemes were put in operation, some of them of an extraordinary and ingenious nature. Thus, a well-known weekly periodical arranged that any smoker who collected enough cards from packets of a certain brand of cigarettes should become a preference shareholder in the paper. This was in 1899. The periodical, it may be mentioned, is still being published, but the scheme for manufacturing shareholders wholesale through the agency of cigarette cards is no longer in existence.

—while guns and Zeppelins run them very close.

All kinds of other prizes, however, continued to be offered by certain manufacturers, ranging from shilling cigarette-holders up to six-hundred-guinea motor-cars. Other manufacturers disdained these methods of pushing their goods, and turned their attention to improving the

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excellence of their cigarette cards, and this, in its turn, brought into being the adult cigarette card collector.

It must not be imagined that only cigarette smokers collect cigarette cards. A tobacconist in a large way of business said recently:

"I have several regular customers who come to my shop to purchase boxes of cigarettes containing a certain elaborate card that is printed in colours on satin. These he removes, carefully places in his pocket, and then gives the cigarettes away to chance passers-by in the street, or more rarely, just leaves them on the counter and walks out."

Latterly there has been a marked improvement in cigarette pictures. One firm in particular, whose bilious coloured advertisements are displayed so prominently on every railway station in the kingdom, has issued some beautiful reproductions of celebrated old masters, and more recently added topical subjects such as flags, generals, and regimental badges, all beautifully coloured and printed on silk, suitable for many kinds of needlework, for which they give handsome money prizes. A cushion so made was recently sold for the benefit of the Prince of Wales' Fund, and realised £3 12s.

Pictures of birds printed on silk are among the latest novelties—

—and one enterprising firm has issued excellent reproductions of celebrated old masters also on silk.

Of course, in cigarette collecting proper, rarity counts for much. The great cigarette manufacturing firms are constantly introducing new designs and superseding older ones, and it is just those that are discarded that tend to become valuable as time rolls on. So much is this the case, that complete sets of some of the very earliest cards have recently changed hands for sums ranging between £5 and £20, and even more in a few instances. Of course, such sums sound insignificant as compared with the amounts paid by philatelists for really rare stamps. But the cigarette card craze is only in its infancy as yet. When it has developed, prices for rare sets or single specimens will assuredly rise.

The various Territorial Regiments form the basis of some striking pictures.

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